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THE CONSTRUCTION OF "A WINTER'S TALE."*

THE perplexing drama that Shakespeare called *A Winter's Tale* was, by all kinds of evidence, a work of that time—between 1609 and 1611—which is called by the critics his fourth or last period. As such, it makes one group with *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*, a group that is often called the group of romances. And with *The Tempest* and with *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* has much in common. The splendor of the style is, for example, the same. The rhythm also, in avoidance of rhymes, and in large use of feminine endings and of weak endings, may fairly be called identical. Above all, the tone and the teaching of the drama, in presentation of a faithful and constant love as sole palliation, and possible remedy, of the sorrows of life, are in these dramas strangely alike. Forgiveness and reconciliation, the blotting out of sin, and shame, and anguish by force of love and repentance,—these are the elements of emotion that belong in common to *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*, and to *The Winter's Tale*.

And yet, if read in the series of the great dramas of the third and fourth periods, *The Winter's Tale* gives a shock of surprise and perplexity. Side by side, for example, with the *Othello* or with *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale* seems to lack all the marks of what is called artistic unity. There is apparent no steady movement of scenes, no concentration of characters, from a well-defined beginning to a single definite culmination. At first sight, indeed, all is confusion, a blurring of one effect by another. Thus, many of the characters, before the play be half done, vanish from our vision; and, when the play is half played through, other characters, unseen before, come forward into prominence. And so, according to all familiar conceptions of the drama, *The Winter's Tale* is a defiance of dramatic law, a mere medley of diversified effects, a wild patch-work of beautiful scenes arranged upon no recognized pattern. Beyond a doubt, if Shakespeare meant *The Winter's Tale* to be a drama,

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in the same sense as he meant *The Tempest* and the *Othello* to be dramas, then Shakespeare once, at least, has utterly failed.

And so, in the general feeling of mankind, the play has been felt as a play to lack dramatic merit. It was not often acted, nor much read. In books of dramatic criticism the discussion of it was avoided. Only, when a sneer was to be launched at Shakespeare's blunders, the sea-coasts of Bohemia, and the sending of ambassadors by the son-in-law of a Russian Czar to consult Apollo's oracle on the island of Delphos, became too ready gibes. Against all this, it was not easy to make apology nor vindication.

And yet, when, not long ago, the play was put upon the stage, well-mounted and well-acted, it became, as we all remember, both in London and in New York, the darling of the public. There were revealed in it great possibilities of dramatic effect. The very critics that had protested against the revival of a play that "was, in their judgment, the worst of Shakespeare's plays, and the worst-constructed play in the world," came forward to acknowledge their blunder. And so for us, who have seen the play played, and have felt its power, the problem of *The Winter's Tale* comes up more perplexing than ever. For me, at least, since the night I first saw it, I have not been able to take my mind from the question, How Shakespeare came to compose it and make it what it is?

Consider for a moment the wonder of the thing. Shakespeare, before 1609, had composed the *Macbeth* and *The Merchant of Venice*, the twin models of romantic drama, both of simple and of complex action. Going one step further, still before 1609, he had composed the *Othello*, in which, on the climax-plan of the Greeks, he has built up the most artful and the most unblemished work of dramatic construction that the world has ever seen. These great works achieved, he stood in the prime of his age and of his experience as the greatest master of stage-art and of dramatic construction that had lived. And now, in this supreme hour of his skill, Shakespeare composed, we are asked to believe, "not only the worst of his plays, but the worst-constructed play in the world." Surely the thing is incredible. If, indeed, as we have seen, Shakespeare meant to make *The Winter's Tale* dramatic in the same way as he made the *Macbeth* or *Othello* dramatic, then Shakespeare has failed. But how if Shakespeare meant his new play to be something else than his old plays, something altogether different, a type of composition never tried before by him nor by another, a type that in boldness and beauty of design should be a new conception in poetic form? If that were so, then Shakespeare may have succeeded, and the failure be found in the rigidity and narrowness of the dramatic theories.

It is plain, I think, to each person that reads *The Winter's Tale*, plainer still to each person that sees it, in a general way, that *The Winter's*

Tale is altogether different in construction from all Shakespeare's other plays. But, for greater clearness, it may be well to compare our play, line by line of structure, with the lines of some familiar play, and to see at what points the lines diverge. For this comparison of structural lines, let us put *The Winter's Tale* side by side with the perfect model of Shakespeare's perfect construction, side by side with the *Othello*.

In the first place in Shakespeare's regular drama there is, as the motive power of all dramatic action, one great emotion displayed, one single dramatic passion. The origin of this passion, and its growth, and its outbreak, and its results,—these form the dramatic action, these are the elements of the dramatic unity. In the *Othello*, for example, the dramatic passion revealed is the passion of Othello's jealousy. The origin of this jealousy and its growth, its outbreak into murder, and its results in self-destruction,—these are the linked parts that make up the entire drama, that fill each line of that drama from beginning on to end. But in *The Winter's Tale* there is no one great passion that thus dominates the play; no single passion that stretches in close linking of scene to scene from the opening of the first act to the close of the fifth.

The hatred of Leontes for his wife is, indeed, a fierce passion, and it creates all the movement of the earlier scenes. But, long before the end is reached, the passion of Leontes's hatred has been exhausted. And so the love of Prince Florizel for Perdita, that also is a strong dramatic passion, and it creates all the movement of the later scenes. But, before this passion has begun to exist at all, one-half of the play has been finished and left behind us. Thus, as the first point reached in our comparison, in the regular drama there is a single dramatic emotion revealed; but in *The Winter's Tale* there is more than one dramatic emotion: there are two. And in this duality of dramatic emotion there is, so far as we can now see, a deliberate sacrifice of artistic unity.

In the second place, it is the rule of Shakespeare's regular construction that the dramatic emotion is brought by him to its decisive outbreak about the middle of the third act of each drama. Just at this point comes the great climax-scene, the decision that involves the fate of his chief character. Here, for example, in the exact centre of artistic composition, in the *Othello*, III., iii., 90 and onward, comes the tremendous passage in which Othello, yielding to Iago's proofs, makes up his mind to kill Desdemona. But, if we turn to the same point in *The Winter's Tale*, the middle of the third act, there is nothing there at all that answers to a climax. There is only the eating of poor old Antigonus by the bears, and the shepherd's chat with his son about the baby Perdita and her baby clothes. Here, then, is the second great point of difference. In *The Winter's Tale*, if there be any climax to be found at all, it is assuredly not to be found, where it is found in regular plays, in the centre of dramatic composition, in the middle of the third act.

In addition to these two points of difference, there is yet a third difference that must be noticed, a difference so vital that, if we understand it rightly, we find in it the revelation of Shakespeare's artistic design. In the other dramas there comes, before the real action begins, that part of the play which is called the dramatic protasis. It is, as it were, the muster of all the characters whose combined action is to make the drama. It serves the purpose of revealing to us all that we need to know of all the characters, in order to understand what these characters are about to do. The place of the action and its time; the social rank and condition of all the main characters and their relations one with another; above all, the state of fortune and the state of feeling of each character at the time when the action opens,—all this, in the regular drama, makes the protasis. As such, it fills about two-thirds or three-fourths of the first act; and, if the protasis be well constructed, it reveals all the facts and all the characters that are essential to the understanding of the entire play. Consider, for example, the perfect protasis of the *Othello*. Stretching from the first line of the first scene to the four hundredth line of the third scene, it leaves nothing to be superadded, no new fact nor new character to be smuggled in at a later time for the working out of the great story. But, in *The Winter's Tale*, all is different. There is, indeed, a protasis, and a protasis that stands in the right place, and has the right length. But, as compared with the protasis of the *Othello*, it is utterly defective. It is so far from revealing all the characters of the play that it reveals only six out of twenty-eight; and hence, if it stood by itself, it would leave us utterly unprepared to understand the action that is coming. But, when we read on, there comes, far onward in the third act, a new muster of characters, a mad rush into the action of a crowd of new characters, who take up the story afresh, and carry it forward into new entanglements of intrigue and interest. Here, then, is the third great difference between *The Winter's Tale* and the other plays. Here, instead of mustering all his characters in one protasis, Shakespeare musters them in two. He sets in the beginning of the first act all that is essential for the understanding of the first half of his play; he sets in the middle of the third act all that is essential for the understanding of the second half. By this act of cleavage, he breaks his poem into two separate parts, and launches separate groups of characters into separate series of adventures. From this demonstration of the play's peculiar framing we are able to understand, for critics of dramatic art, the amazing interest of *The Winter's Tale*. We are able also in some, degree, to understand how Shakespeare came to compose it. It may lack, it does lack, that grandeur of effect which in the models of the old scheme, in *Macbeth* or in *Othello*, sweeps us along, from beginning to end, as on the wings of cyclones. But, as compared with such models, it has all the fascination of a daring experiment, devised by the subtlest of artists in extending the domain of his art.

And here, for dramatic art, analogy may be drawn from the art of painting. There was a kind of picture, much loved by the old painters, and largely used for the decoration of chapels, which was called a diptych. Two pictures, folding together like the pages of a book, stood in the artist's design forever united. Each one, indeed, is separate, and each one may be studied by itself. But the two belong together, and each one is so composed as to give both relish and understanding for the other. The one may, for example, as I happen to have seen, represent the Massacre of the Innocents, and the other the Flight into Egypt; the one all full of blood and horror, the other all full of peace and salvation. Thus the two compositions, each in itself complete, merge into one composition of a higher kind which comprehends them both. There is in every true diptych a duality that makes a unit.

And so, in dramatic art, *The Winter's Tale* is, I think, Shakespeare's experiment in constructing a diptych. This experiment no poet, to my knowledge, had ever tried before him, and none that I know of has ever tried it since. Thus, received as a bold experiment in dramatic art, *The Winter's Tale* may well stand last in time of the works of Shakespeare's genius, the final stretching forth of that genius to accomplish a design never before essayed.

The play is, then, as I conceive it, a genuine diptych in construction. It is made up of two plays, the first a tragedy and the second a comedy, so jointed together in the middle as to produce a final result that belongs equally to each. The tragic movement of the first part and the comic movement of the second part are fused into the form and spirit of genuine romance. As part of this plan, the play is framed, not like other plays on a single dramatic emotion, but on two. In the first part, in the tragedy, the dramatic emotion is Leontes' hatred of Hermione. In the second part, in the comedy, the dramatic emotion is Florizel's love of Perdita. As the passion of hatred dominates all the tragic movement, so the passion of love dominates all the comic movement. And it is this organic contrast between the opposing passions of hate and love that give to the twin drama its especial charm.

In order now to bring the two parts into artistic union, the characters of the play are grouped by Shakespeare, on a plan never tried elsewhere, into three symmetrical groups:

First—The group of nine (9) characters that belong altogether to the tragedy;

Second—The group of twelve (12) characters that belong altogether to the comedy; and

Third—The group of seven (7) characters that belong in common to tragedy and to comedy.

Again, in the arrangement of the action the dramatic emotion must be brought to sudden and violent display in one great scene, the climax-scene of construction. And so, as, in this play, there are two dramatic emotions, there are two climax-scenes. The climax of the tragedy is reached when Leontes, in hatred of his wife, refusing to acknowledge Perdita as daughter, resolves to rid himself of her by death. The climax of the comedy is reached when Florizel, giving up all for love, resolves to defy his father, and to elope with Perdita. Thus, as the two emotions themselves, so the two climax-scenes stand to each other in most artful and effective contrast.

And now, as can be shown in detail, the climax-scenes fixed, all the parts of the two plays are so arranged as to throw each climax-scene into prominence. Thus, each part is made in itself complete; only, at the end of the comedy, the scenes are so arranged as to bring on, step by step, a catastrophe that completes both parts.

The entire play breaks into fifty (50) scenes; of these fifty scenes twenty-eight belong to the tragedy and twenty-two to the comedy. In III., iii., 58, 59, the tragedy ends and the comedy begins. Yet, although the comedy is compressed into fewer scenes, twenty-two as against twenty-eight, it fills far more lines than the tragedy; for, although the tragic movement is complete in 1276 lines, the comic movement takes 1700. Thus, at the very beginning, it may be seen that the comedy, as compared with the tragedy, is on a broader scale of composition, more ample in display of characters, more rich by far in poetic effects.

The tragedy begins, according to Shakespeare's method, with a general display of the characters involved, and with a picture of their relations one with another. This, in the language of criticism, is the *protasis*. The tragic *protasis* contains about 520 lines, it breaks into eight (8) scenes, and reveals to our knowledge six (6) characters. They are, for the tragic business, Camillo, Leontes, Polixenes, Mamillius, Antigonus, and Hermione.

The essential parts of the tragic *protasis* are these:

First.—The character of Camillo, and the relationship of long-established love between Leontes and Polixenes.—I., i., some 50 verses.

Second.—The characters of Leontes, Polixenes, and Hermione, and the sudden yielding of Polixenes to Hermione's cajoleries.—I., ii., 86 verses.

Third.—The inflaming of Leontes with sudden suspicion that his wife loves Polixenes.—I., ii., 33 verses.

Fourth.—The character of Mamillius as pet and darling of his father. A scene of most exquisite art.—I., ii., 27 verses.

Fifth.—The scheming of Leontes to leave Hermione and Polixenes together, so as to get grounds for his accusation.—I., ii., 34 verses.

Sixth.—Leontes's attempt to force Camillo to assassinate Polixenes.—I., ii., 140 verses.

Seventh.—Camillo's resolution to save Polixenes, and to flee with him to Bohemia.—I., ii., 114 verses.

Eighth.—Presentation of Hermione's character as mother, in her love and petting of Mamillius. A scene unsurpassed even by Shakespeare in tenderness and humour.—II., i., 32 verses.

So soon as the protasis completes itself, Shakespeare's method is to arouse attention by that powerful scene which bears the technical name of the opening of the action. This part of the tragedy of *The Winter's Tale* is singularly strong and well-marked. Hermione, as we have seen, was petting her beautiful boy; all about her was innocence and joyousness. Of a sudden Leontes burst into her room, overwhelmed her with insult and outrage, took her child from her, and sent her off to prison. The scene is magnificent. The opening of the action not only falls into the right place, but it is in all ways splendid and effective.

And now, to join the opening of the action to the climax, runs that series of scenes which is called the epitasis, the stretching and tightening of the plot. In the tragic movement of *The Winter's Tale*, the epitasis, including the opening of the action, is made up of five (5) stages, and fills 260 verses, exactly one-half of the protasis.

The stages of the epitasis are these:

First.—Leontes quarrels with Hermione, separates her from her child, and puts her in prison.—II., i., 93 verses.

Second.—Leontes beats down with insult and stupid defiance the advice and entreaties of his counsellors.—II., i., 54 verses.

Third.—Leontes, in order to have the god's verdict of his wife's guilt, sends off his ambassadors to Delphi.—II., i., 19 verses.

Fourth.—The presentation of Paulina's character. She tries in vain to comfort Hermione, but gets possession of the new-born Perdita, and promises to take the baby to her father, as a means of softening his heart.—II., ii., 65 verses.

Fifth.—Leontes, sleepless and maddened by trouble of mind, hears that his boy, Mamillius, is dying of grief at separation from his mother.—II., iii., 26 verses.

At this point the epitasis completes itself; the plot is stretched up to the point of tragic climax. In the other points it is clear and good, but it contains one essential blunder. The character of Paulina, in consequence of its high importance, ought to have been revealed in the protasis; but, omitted from its right place in the beginning, it has, contrary to Shakespeare's usual method, to be smuggled into the epitasis. This obscures the action and violates dramatic law. The epitasis over, there comes, in the third scene of the second act, the climax of the tragic action, filling 103 verses. It is worked out in Shakespeare's best manner. The reasonings and pleadings of Paulina are set against the rage

and rancour of Leontes. The terrible wrong of Leontes against his wife reaches its most awful phase of injustice when he cries, speaking of his own beautiful child,

" This brat is none of mine :
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire."

(II., iii., 92.)

And now, after the climax, there does not come, as we should expect, any distinct scene of dramatic reverse. This, as compared with the perfect plays, is a fault of construction. But the king's loss of dignity and his almost absurd degradation under Paulina's scolding achieve something of the same effect.

Right on from the close of the climax runs the series of scenes that contain the consequences of Leontes's sin, the scenes that make the *catabasis*, the downward movement of the tragic action. The catabasis is made in five (5) successive stages, and fills 240 verses. Notice in this the almost perfect symmetry of Shakespeare's art. For, as the catabasis answers in construction to the *epitasis*, as the downward movement of the action is proportioned to the upward movement, so the five stages of the catabasis are in exact symmetry with the five stages of the *epitasis*; the 240 verses of the one with the 260 of the other. In these figures there are the lines and proportions of Shakespeare's architectural skill.

The five (5) stages of tragic catabasis are these :

First.—The sending of Perdita away to be by Antigonus exposed in some desert place to the wild beasts.—II., iii., 63 verses.

Second.—The preparation for the public trial of Hermione, on charges of adultery and treason.—II., iii., 13 verses.

Third.—The sacred ambassadors, coming back from Delphi, bring the verdict of the god.—III., i., 22 verses.

Fourth.—Hermione defends herself against her husband's accusations, and the words of the oracle are read, avouching her innocence.—III., ii., 140 verses.

Fifth.—Leontes, in the madness of his wicked hatred, defies the voice of the god, and still, in spite of the oracle, asserts his wife's guiltiness.—III., ii., only two verses.

With this awful scene the catabasis comes to its ending. The guilt of Leontes is now complete; his fate is due.

The fulfilling of that fate is revealed in that part of the tragedy which is called the catastrophe. It is in dramatic construction the final allotment of destiny, the final passing over from action into repose. In *The Winter's Tale* the tragic catastrophe is given in three (3) rapid scenes, filling 160 verses.

First stage of catastrophe :

Leontes, hearing the death of Mamillius, sees in it the wrath of the god at his own wickedness, and the proof of his wife's innocence.—III., ii., 31 verses.

Second stage of catastrophe :

Hermione, on hearing of her son's death, falls lifeless, and is taken off as dead.—III., ii., 70 verses.

Third stage of catastrophe :

The baby Perdita, on the far-off coast of Bohemia, is left, by her father's orders, to be devoured by wild beasts.—III., iii., 58 verses. And so, in the apparent death of Hermione and Perdita, and in the contrition and broken heart of the childless and widowed king, the tragedy of *The Winter's Tale* comes to its fitting close.

The parts and the dimensions of the tragic plan are these:

Protasis,	8	stages,	516	verses.
Epitasis,	5	"	257	"
Climax,	1	"	103	"
Catabasis,	5	"	240	"
Catastrophe,	3	"	160	"

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Of these 1276 verses, apart from the climax, 773 belong to the upward movement, and only 400 to the downward movement. This proportion, about two to one, is the rule in Shakespeare's art.

And yet, in the circumstances of Hermione's death and of Perdita's fate, there was indication enough that neither mother nor daughter had really perished; indication that the tragedy was no real tragedy, and its catastrophe no final winding up of fate. By a stroke of art that stands alone in dramatic poetry, the expiring movement of the tragedy is made the birth of the comedy. Without even the fall of a curtain, Shakespeare forces the catastrophe of his tragic action to become the protasis of his new-born comedy.

The comedy begins, as we have seen, at III., iii., 59. It opens with its own protasis in three successive stages:

First.—The finding of the baby Perdita, and the introduction of the shepherd and his son as comic characters.—III., iii., 83 verses.

Second.—After lapse of sixteen years, the love between Perdita and Florizel, and the revelation of Florizel's character.—IV., ii., 62 verses.

Third.—The display of Autolycus's character.—IV., iii., 103 verses.

This protasis, filling three scenes and 250 lines, is entirely complete. It reveals Camillo and Polixenes in their new situation, and brings in the shepherd and the clown, and Autolycus, and Perdita and Florizel, as new characters of the new action.

And now, the protasis being complete, there comes just in the right place, IV., iv., 1-54, the opening of the comic action. It is a passage of exquisite beauty. Prince Florizel, in a love-scene of intense but high-souled passion, reveals his rank to Perdita, and persuades her to defy all dangers and promise to become his wife.

Beginning with this opening of the action, the epitasis of the comedy is given in five successive stages:

First.—The promise of marriage between Florizel and Perdita.—IV., iv., 54 verses.

Second.—The discovery by Polixenes of his son's passion for the shepherd-girl.—IV., iv., 125 verses.

Third.—Autolycus revealed amusing and cheating the country-folk.—IV., iv., 174 lines.

Fourth.—Florizel's unconscious confession to his father of his intention of marrying Perdita.—IV., iv., 45 lines.

Fifth.—Polixenes's anger against Florizel, and his menace of disinheritance.—IV., iv., 52 verses.

The epitasis is altogether masterly. By means of it, in five well-connected scenes, in 550 lines, the action is carried up to the moment of climax. There is, however, one departure from strict dramatic method. The character of Autolycus and the genial pictures of peasant life are developed at what seems excessive length; and this is done not so much for the furtherance of the dramatic action, as for the poet's delight in the character itself, and in the rustic scenes, for their own sake.

The epitasis over, the climax of the comic action comes in its right place, in the fourth scene of the fourth act, in a passage of the highest poetic power. Prince Florizel has heard the fierce threats of his father. He is urged to be false to his love, both by the discreet counsels of Camillo, and by Perdita's wish to sacrifice herself to her lover's advancement. In spite of all this, Florizel is true to his love and to himself:

"Not for Bohemia," he cries,
 "Not for all the sun sees, or
 The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
 In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
 To this my fair beloved.
 Let myself and fortune
 Tug for the time to come."

(IV., iv., 499.)

It is the grandest, the highest assertion of a pure-minded love, and the revelation in Florizel's nature of all that is generous and lofty. As the climax of the tragedy was the culmination of hatred in Leontes for Hermione, so the climax of the comedy is the culmination of love in Florizel for Perdita.

And now, just after this great scene, this climax-scene of faithful love and dauntless resolve, there comes in Shakespeare's art the scene of dramatic reverse. It is, of course, in the comic movement, the birth of hope, the turning of fate from perplexity to salvation (IV., iv., 518-605 87 verses in all). The change of mood is managed by Shakespeare with exemplary skill. Camillo is touched by Florizel's courage, and he sees in it the means of contriving his own return to Sicily. Thus he resolves to befriend the lovers by sending them off for safety to the court of Leontes.

At this point comes that feature of the double play which forms its chief divergence from dramatic usage. In general, after the climax there comes a catabasis that is equal in number of stages to the epistasis. But here, in the comic movement, although the epistasis was built of only five (5) stages, the catabasis is carried on in ten stages to the enormous length of 800 lines.

First.—Camillo resolves to help the lovers by sending them to Sicily.—IV., iv., 87 verses.

Second.—Autolycus puts himself into Camillo's hands to be used as an instrument in his design.—IV., iv., 25 lines.

Third.—Florizel, disguised in Autolycus's clothes, runs off with Perdita to take ship for Sicily.—IV., iv., 52 lines.

Fourth.—Camillo persuades Polixenes to pursue the lovers to Sicily.—IV., iv., 8 lines.

Fifth.—Autolycus manages to get the shepherd, with his proofs of Perdita's birth, upon the same ship with Florizel.—IV., iv., 140.

Sixth.—Paulina draws from Leontes the promise never to marry again, unless the new bride be a second Hermione.—V., i., 84 lines.

Seventh.—Leontes, deceived by a false story, welcomes to his court Florizel and his bride.—V., i., 40 lines.

Eighth.—Leontes is so charmed by Perdita as to promise to intercede with Polixenes for the young couple.—V., i., 55 lines.

Ninth.—All the characters being brought together at Leontes' court, the old shepherd reveals the secret of Perdita's birth, and restores the daughter to her father.—V., ii., 133 lines.

Tenth.—Paulina exhibits to Leontes the pretended statue of his dead Hermione.—V., iii., 113 lines.

Here, in this amazing scene of husband and daughter united at length before the statue of Hermione, this huge catabasis, the largest and most intricate that Shakespeare ever constructed, comes to its ending,—a catabasis of ten stages, of 807 lines. In length and in fulness of contrivance, it far transcends the norm of dramatic usage. It is not, as usual, equal in number of stages to the epistasis, but exactly double, ten to five. But, if examined more closely, the catabasis fills a double purpose. It carries on the action not only of Florizel's love but also of Leontes'

folly; it fits itself with most ingenious art both to the action of the comedy and to the action of the tragedy. Hence, serving a double purpose, the catabasis is here carried by Shakespeare to a double length; and what seemed at first a careless blemish turns out to be a bold and original stroke of art.

And now, the long catabasis played through, there comes, to comedy and to tragedy alike, the action's final catastrophe. It is in two stages:

First.—The statue coming to life, Hermione is returned to her husband's worshipping love.—V., iii., 20 lines.

Second.—Leontes and Polixenes, being reconciled with each other, unite their love in the wedding of Florizel and Perdita.

Thus the apparent catastrophe of the awful tragedy of hate is swallowed up in the real catastrophe of triumphant love. The sin of Leontes has been atoned by anguish and repentance; and all enter into final joy through the victory won by Florizel's faithfulness. So Shakespeare works to its conclusion, with most elaborate skill, that piece of dramatic construction which, when looked upon as an experiment in dramatic art, may fairly be regarded as among the boldest and most conspicuous feats of his genius. And the experiment, so far as I know, stands in dramatic art alone. For Shakespeare himself, as he retired so soon from the stage, never had the chance of working again upon the new plan; and, in later ages, no other poet seems to have caught his conception, or tried to repeat his experiment. And, in truth, even Shakespeare's success was not full enough to encourage others to make the trial. For, in dramatic construction, the method of diptych-composition is found to involve immense difficulties. In the first place, to work out two plots within the limits of five acts compels an almost painful rapidity of movement. In the tragedy, twenty-eight scenes have to be compressed within 1300 verses, an average of not more than forty lines to a scene; and in the comedy, although the comic scale is much broader, twenty-two scenes are compressed in 1700 lines, an average of only seventy lines to a scene. In such compression there is not space enough for that loving and careful portrayal of character which forms the highest beauty of Shakespeare's workmanship. How amazing it is, for example, to find that in Shakespeare's rapid art the character of Hermione is developed in 207 lines, and the character of Perdita in only 127!

And, in the second place, the method brings about a sacrifice of simplicity and a loss in consecutive harmony of impression. For, in passing from part to part, the mind loses grasp of the artistic unity, and becomes perplexed by the introduction of new characters and the inception of a new plot. Thus the final teaching of *The Winter's Tale* may be that, in dramatic art, no lavishness of poetic charm, no artfulness of construction, can make amends for loss of direct simplicity in movement and emotion.

Yet, in the process of Shakespeare's art, this play marks the final phase of his skill in dramatic construction. He had begun, in the crude fashion of the playwrights of his youth, with constructing on the stiff and formal lines of the traditional school. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Learning by experience and growing in powers of mind, he carried this plan to its highest effect by developing the movement of emotional antithesis by alternation of comical with tragical effects. So in *Macbeth*. Then, by combining two or three plots, he built up with wonderful ingenuity the plan of the complex action. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, the great comedy of the world. Then, going back to the principle of Greek art, the principle of emotional climax, he achieved in his *Othello* the great model of the strictest method of construction, the dramatic masterpiece of mankind. And now, at the end, combining a perfect tragedy with a perfect comedy, he worked out the fusion of two successive actions into one, the blending of two rival passions into one great romance of sin, forgiveness, and love triumphant.

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BACON, COKE, AND THE "CAPIAS UTLEGATUM."

MR. WAITES has so patiently and exhaustively shown in these pages how the Bacon theory has stung itself to death by its own selection of proofs, that any further discussion would seem, like Falstaff's second shirt, to be only "for superfluity." But I will ask leave to supplement him by attempting to consider why the greatest of the Baconian mare's nests—Elizabeth's neglect of Bacon—was the result of circumstances, and had no more to do with Shakespeare than any of the other heterogeneous matters which the Bacon people snap at from all over the universe to use as grist for their mill. This stuff really could not be better handled than Mr. Waites has handled it. But I cannot avoid pausing to remark, as apropos, that that wonderful creature, Mr. W. F. C. Wigston, in proving the Bacon authorship, calls attention to fact that the first two letters of the alphabet are A, B, and that these are, actually, in reverse order, the first two letters of BACON.* Surely Elizabeth knew that the first two letters of Bacon's name were B and A; and if she also knew, for this incontrovertible reason if for no other, that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays, that settled it! What is the use of a society and a theory to prove in 1890 what even Queen Elizabeth knew in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? Bacon knew it, and Elizabeth knew it. If only these two

* HERMES STELLA, by W. F. C. Wigston (London, Geo. Redway, 1890), p. 5.

knew it, and were so partners and cheek-by-jowl, one would say Bacon was pretty near the throne, and so would have had his pick of offices instead of being kept starving and promise-crammed. But let that pass.

Francis Bacon seems to have been one of the most astute of lawyers, —when his own interests were concerned. He worked against enormous odds; climbed in spite of them to the highest office his ambition craved; and at the end succeeded in averting destruction—which, with anybody else, would have been the inevitable result of using that office to amass private fortune, by a scratch or two of his pen. Even in comparison with modern refinements of legal chicanery, his ruses were marvellously conceived and executed. I should like to know, for instance, if it ever occurred to any lawyer, before or since, to reverse the maxim and take advantage of his own wrong by seeking a penal fine, and then turning that fine into a shield to avoid payment of great debts, and so to live in legal luxury by submitting to a paper punishment? But this is exactly what Bacon did. He confessed, and was punished by a heavy fine. He procured the assignment of this fine, and, when proceeded against for his vast debts, pleaded that a fine was a debt to the state (which I believe is good law to-day), and so was a prior lien or mortgage, which, until discharged, prevented the payment of any other debt or the satisfaction of any other judgment whatever. As to the confession itself, there was, of course, Bacon's personal cowardice and fear of jeopardy to urge it.

It is of very frequent remark among lawyers that those who know most of courts are most afraid of them. The lawyer who realizes how weak a good case may be, and how strong a bad case may be made to appear by the ingenuity and industry of opposing counsel, is, most of all, upon his guard against over-confidence, and most anxious to keep his case out of court if possible. I think, indeed, there is nothing that a conscientious lawyer dreads more than a feeling of absolute security in the merits of his own case. For, just as certainly as the badness of a case is a temptation to superhuman exertion, just so, if one's case is perfect upon the law and the facts, the temptation may be to over-security in one's method or exertion, and so to peril it from carelessness. And it is perfectly apparent, I think, from Bacon's repeated letters of confession,—in one of which he demands particulars, and in another (written before the particulars demanded can be sent him, or the ink dry upon his demand) he claims to be sufficiently advised of the bearing of these particulars, and promises in advance to confess to anything, while yet in a third (while reiterating his stipulation to confess and beg for mercy) he suggests that he would like the benefit of counsel, and that he might wish to take advantage of a possible incompetency of his accusers,—I say, I think from this most remarkable series of letters, half-penitential, half-technical, and always tenacious of all the legal rights of an accused man, it is evident

enough that the lawyer-instinct in Bacon had suggested that to confess to anything, and then stipulate as to the penalty, with a King to whom he had private access, was better than to tempt the glorious uncertainty of the law, of whose possibilities, unknown as well as known, nobody was a better prognosticator than himself. The result of such a conclusion, of course, is that Lord Bacon may have been less black than he has been painted, and that there may have been some other reason than a personal understanding with that monarch why King James not only remitted the penalty of imprisonment, which was part of his sentence, but immediately began, and continued to his death, to consult him as to measures of policy and of state. I fail to see how, from any standpoint, it can justify any respect, much less worship, for the man himself. Obsequious, beyond the obsequiousness of the most subservient courtier on record, to royalty; perfectly imperious in the assertion of his own opinions until assured that they were to the contrary of those in office (when they were at once recorded and maintained with equal imperiousness to the contrary effect); and, above all, intensely selfish, and devoted to his own creature comforts first of all; he "took all knowledge for his province," as Mr. Waites has pointed out in these pages, at an age when such a statement could only have raised a smile; and never to his dying day did he doubt for a moment his own vast importance to all human affairs! For all of these qualities there is, no doubt, a large excuse. Born in the purple, his father a lord keeper of the great seal of England, conscious of his own intellectual powers, with his earliest predilections for the public service, even from childhood fostered and insisted upon by his elders,—how could he have well been anything else than he was? The Queen petted him, and called him her "little lord keeper." As he grew in years and in stature, what did he do to lessen her confidence? Why was it that she persistently refused him any sort of advancement, and at last, with the most apparent reluctance, appointed him to a public capacity because he appeared to be the only one able to take a certain minor detail of the prosecution of the best and about the only friend he ever seems to have possessed, who had lifted him out of an almost abject poverty (all the bitterer because unacknowledged and concealed) by presenting him with an estate? Whether the Queen believed, in assigning this minor function to Bacon, that he would have refused it, and so absolved her from any obligation to the son of her late lord keeper, or whether Bacon was really useful to her in this detail, is, of course, one of the secrets which died in the queenly heart, along with that other unsolved secret,—whether she really desired the death of the gallant Essex. But anyhow Bacon did accept the function assigned him, did discharge it, and from that act, more even than from the bribe-taking which crowned him with final dishonor, has received the ineffable and ineffaceable stigma of the "meanest of mankind." And

this brings us to the possible episode in Bacon's secret history, as to which this paper has some speculations to offer.

Lord Bacon, for all his astuteness as a lawyer, his theoretical soundness, and the far-seeing juridical powers of his mind, was always more of a teacher, expounder, philosopher, and *doctrinaire* in law than a practical trier of cases and counselor of clients. This phenomenon, too, is perfectly familiar to lawyers to-day. The lawyer who takes all phases of legal knowledge for his province is rarely a prosperous practitioner at the bar in any one of them. The writer of a successful text-book is seldom or never consulted, except through his pages; seldom or never called to sit as counsel in great cases involving the very specialty he has most exhaustively studied. And if this is habitually true in the case of a writer upon a legal specialty, how much surer would it be the case when not a specialty, but a universality, of the jurisprudential science is chosen? In no profession are the branches of Theory and Practice, the didactic and the forensic, the science and the art, so widely demarked and separated as in the Law. And to Bacon belongs an excellence in the theoretical, the didactic, and the scientific, rather than in the practical, artistic, and forensic, as he himself has so repeatedly declared.

To such shrewd observers as Elizabeth and her great premier, this characteristic—apparent enough to-day—seems to me to sufficiently account for the Queen's disinclination to employ Bacon as her counsel. Indeed, one need not conjecture; she herself said so plainly enough. In a letter to Bacon (dated May 18, 1594) Essex speaks of having suggested Bacon to the Queen for an appointment to some legal office attached to the crown, and says that the Queen "did acknowledge you had a great wit and an excellent gift of speech, and much other good learning; but in law she rather thought you could make show to the uttermost of your knowledge than that you were deep." And the Queen's verdict seems to have been and to be to-day the general verdict of posterity. Why should anybody try to account for Queen Elizabeth's action when she herself explained it in writing to the satisfaction of everybody?

Queen Elizabeth was confronted at the very threshold of her reign with a forest of delicate questions, upon the disposition of any one of which her throne, her peace, and her very life depended. To begin with, there were questions of church polity; and in those days, whatever his personal habit, it was impossible for the individual to discriminate between church and state, so inexorably had years of assertion, of dominance, of persecution, of martyrdom for conscience's sake, impressed upon the world the power of the King as acting under the authority of Almighty God. Moreover, it was the period when only Vicars of Bray (and England was full of them) could hold on to their emoluments. But, most serious of all, Elizabeth mounted the throne in direct teeth, not only of all ecclesiastical

law, Catholic or Protestant, but of every tenet of civil law as well. She was a bastard. Her mother had not been the lawful wife of her father, by any precedent known to any law, civil or divine, divine or civil. And yet this wonderful woman boldly seated herself upon a throne with claimants for which the country bristled; reconciled the polemical discussions of that throne's subjects by public statute; shed only the richest and costliest blood when she shed any; overlooked petty offenders, and only brought the greatest to the block; imported a stranger into the arch see of Canterbury to assume the apostolical succession and pronounce her legitimate; and, in short, between axe and crown herself, this marvellous woman (whose first maxim appears to have been that which was to create a Napoleon two centuries later,—*l'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace*) made a tottering throne adamant simply by sitting on it like adamant herself.

To do this she needed strong men, bound to herself by hooks of steel, the strongest she could forge. A weaker Queen would have reasoned just to the reverse of this,—would have taken weak men as more supple administrators of her will; and it would have been axe, not crown, and block, not palace, instead of a reign which outlasted the term of most lifetimes. Is not this a perfect reason why, however so inclined, she dared not call Bacon to her cabinet? That he asked for office and volunteered service was to her a prominent indication that he was not of the breed of men whom offices seek. Certainly if this is the reason, it is one neither stupendous nor inexplicable; one demanding no recondite explanations or theories brought from afar and developed with laborious processes of the inner consciousness. Why should Elizabeth give Bacon an office when she could hold him with promises? Why should she waste upon flatterers the fat things with which, upon necessity, she could conciliate foes? And besides she did not want a doctrinaire, nor would she trust a doctrinaire with the work, at once delicate and decisive, which she wanted done. But there are two circumstances connected with Bacon's personal history which certainly require explanation, and which have so far been left largely to be explained by the Baconians—as they explain most things—by assuming that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays. These two circumstances are the curious matter of the performance of the old historical play of *Richard the Second*, and Coke's threat to issue a writ of *capias utlegatum* against Bacon himself. I leave it to Mr. Waites, in his forthcoming Introduction to the Bankside *Richard the Second*, to demonstrate that, if Bacon had alluded to his authorship of Shakespeare when he referred to something "which, though it grew from me, went about in others' names;" or when he "said to their lordships," when they assigned him a certain part in the Essex trial, that "I having been exposed to bruits before, this would expose me to them more; and it

would be said that I gave in evidence my own tales,"—then that authorship must have been a very familiar and widely understood fact in all circles at this time (and so hardly worth founding a society to demonstrate to-day). But I wish to offer a remark or two as to that *capias utlegatum*, as to which a somewhat more solid argument than the Baconians are wont to offer, is now framed. The story is as follows :

Bacon and Sir James Coke were life-long enemies. At various times they were not only rivals for preferment, but in love affairs; and finally, when Bacon was Chancellor, used to sit, one in equity and the other at common law, and overrule each other's decrees with an alacrity that might remind some of us of certain things which the historian of American jurisprudence will some day be glad to blot out forever with a tear, or, at any rate, with an ink eraser.

Of one of his frequent quarrels with Coke (then Attorney General) Bacon wrote a complaint to his cousin, Cecil (then the Lord Secretary), as follows :

"‘MR. ATTORNEY (COKE),’ said Mr. Bacon, ‘if you have any tooth against me, pluck it out, for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good.’ I answered coldly in these very words, ‘Mr. Attorney, I respect you, I fear you not, and the less you speak of your own greatness the more I will think of it.’ He replied, ‘I think scorn to stand upon terms of greatness toward you, who are less than little, less than the least,’ and other such strange terms he gave me, with such insulting which cannot be expressed. Herewith stirred, yet I said no more but this, ‘Mr. Attorney, do not depress me so far, for I have been your better, and may be again when it please the Queen.’ With this he spoke neither I nor himself could tell what, as if he had been born Attorney General, and in the end bade me, ‘Not meddle with the Queen’s business, but mine own.’ . . . Then he said, ‘It were good to clap a *capias utlegatum* on my back,’ to which I only said he could not, and that he was at fault, for he hunted on an old scent. He gave me a number of disgraceful words besides, which I answered with silence.”

Now, a *capias utlegatum* (as Bacon spells it) was a writ of outlawry which might issue against a person who refused to appear to answer a process against him. I understand the Baconians to argue from this letter as follows :

I.—Bacon had written the *Richard II.*, which was treasonable.

II.—Shakespeare had been induced to flee the realm, lest he should be “put to the question,” and so reveal the fact.

III.—Shakespeare having refused to appear to answer a process issued against him, Bacon—being Shakespeare’s accessory (the offence being treason, in which there are no accessories, but all principals),—was therefore liable to an outlawry because Shakespeare had defaulted!

I should be content to leave this proposition to English jurists without any further comment. But, for the present purposes, I will call attention to the fact that, granted the above, it would follow that Coke, Bacon's most malignant and inveterate enemy, must have known that Bacon wrote *Richard II.*, which was considered treason, and so had it in his power to send his rival (Bacon) to the block! Indeed, we would be rather obliged to reconstruct history a little just here, and show that Coke was Bacon's best friend instead of his worst enemy, and actually upon this occasion interfered to save Bacon's life, if we are to accept the Baconian theory of the Shakespearian authorship,—which, of course, among other assumptions, is obliged to assume that it was high treason to write the Shakespeare plays.

When Bacon (for purposes best known to himself, but as to which I have suggested a few considerations which may have moved him) pleaded guilty to the crime of bribery to save standing a trial before Parliament, he not only admitted certain bribes, but went on to confess to almost everything which an astute lawyer could imagine that a lord keeper could have been guilty of; confessing, in fact, like Mrs. Stowe's Topsy, to everything confessable. He himself drafted for the King's signature a general pardon, in which he recited almost all the crimes known to the catalogue, as well as the single crime of accepting bribes, and which, had it been signed, would have undoubtedly operated criminally, as a general release does in municipal law, to cover everything imaginable "from the beginning of the world to the date of these presents." And, amongst all the other enumerated crimes, was this crime of high treason. But, reflect again! If Bacon had committed high treason, he was in Coke's power in 1601, and Coke, who loved him not, could have had him hanged, cut down and disembowled, and his glazing eyes compelled to see his bowels burned in a bonfire; such being the interesting penalty at that period for the highest crime known to English law. But Bacon's bitterest enemy is incapable of taking this capital revenge by a simple rejoinder of Bacon's "that he could not, that he was at fault, and that he hunted on an old scent," and the matter was entirely forgotten by both parties until, when drafting a general pardon for all possible crimes and misdemeanors, this trifling crime of high treason, which he had once committed, occurs to Bacon, and he inserts a pardon to cover that! This height of absurdity our Baconian rises to explain by the simple suggestion that, when Coke threatened the arrest that put this quietus of revenge upon Bacon in his power, Bacon simply reminded Coke that the matter had outlawed!

It happens, however, that no crime, least of all high treason, outlaws! Only as to a civil claim, a debt, or the liability to an action for certain costs, can a statute of limitation be passed, as every lawyer and almost

every adult knows perfectly well. Mr. Spedding has explained the matter by saying that in the period of Bacon's financial troubles he had undoubtedly at least once found it temporarily convenient to go without the realm—to cross the channel—to avoid a process for debt. And let us see how perfectly consonant with all the circumstances is this simple explanation.

And, first, as to the precise nature in detail of a *capias utlegatum*. Says *Jacob's Law Dictionary*:

"OUTLAWRY—*Utlagaria*.—The being put out of law; the loss of the benefit of a subject: that is, of the King's protection. Outlawry is a punishment for a contempt in refusing to be defendant before them, and as this is a crime of the highest nature, being amenable to the justice of that court which hath authority to call an act of rebellion against that state or community of which he is a member, so it subjects all parties to forfeitures and disabilities, for he loses his *liberam legem*, and is out of the King's protection."

The old lawyers were tremendous logicians always, as this definition proves. Observe that there is clearly no logical escape in the above from admitting that, if you happen to have committed any offence, unless you come right up and let the court order you to be hung, drawn, and quartered, you are losing the greatest benefit a subject can enjoy; namely, the King's protection! But let us read a little further into Father Jacob's lore:

"*Capias utlegatum* is a writ that lies against a person who is outlawed in any action, by which the sheriff is commanded to apprehend the body of the party outlawed for not appearing upon the exigent, and keep him in safe custody till the day of return, and then present him to the court, there to be dealt with for his contempt; who, in the common pleas, was in former times to be committed to the Fleet, there to remain until he had served out the King's pardon and appeared to the action; and by a special *capias utlegatum* (against the body, lands, and goods in the same writ) the sheriff is commanded to seize all the defendant's lands, goods, and chattels, for the contempt to the King, and the plaintiff (after a requisition taken thereupon and returned to the exchequer) may have the lands extended and a grant of the goods, etc., and thereby to compel the defendant to appear, which, when he doth, if he reverse the outlawry, the same shall be restored to him."

In other words, this terrible writ was in itself mere contempt of court by default to appear to answer a process, of which contempt the mere appearance to answer—indifferently to any judgment upon the charge—was an answer and a quashing! The purging of the contempt would not have affected the penalty. If convicted of high treason, the prisoner could still be hung, drawn, and quartered; but he could be hung, drawn, and quartered with a consciousness that he was enjoying the highest

privilege of a subject,—his King's protection, and the right to serve his King by obeying his King's decree! If found to have committed no crime, the purge of the contempt acquitted him, and he went free of his day. And, in Bacon's case, the charge being nothing but a debt, Bacon by paying the debt could have stopped all these proceedings at once, and departed thence, purged of his contempt and out of jeopardy of any process or writ whatever.

If Bacon heard that a warrant for his arrest was in the sheriff's hands, it would be a quicker way to avoid another jail or spunging house—to merely run over to France, than to pause and write Shakespeare's plays. Anyhow, he was not obliged to be absent for long. The debt was paid we know, and he was back again in London very soon, as the record goes on to state. But it was not strange that Lord Coke in a *rencontre* should allude, in language that was certain to be understood by his enemy, to a period when he was, for the time being, a bankrupt and a vagabond running before the law. This was one of the points that the court in *Hales v. Petit* held as going to work the forfeiture: that suicide was an escape from the law, an avoiding of the King's writ or process. Bacon's hope for preferment kept him at court. He could not long absent himself. He might have trusted to influence to keep him from punishment if arraigned for a high irregularity; but a writ for a few pounds of debt threatened a heavier disgrace than a charge of petit treason or even of high treason! With the same dexterity with which, in later years, he posted to confession of bribery, he now sought some alien shore until the four pounds half-pence could be arranged for.

Again: when the Baconian lawyers tell us that debts outlaw, they are profoundly and unusually correct. It will be necessary, however, even in accepting this undeniable statement, to remember that debts outlaw, if at all, by lapse of years, and not by lapse of days or of weeks.

Nor does it happen to appear that, although Bacon was badly in debt in and about the year 1598, any of his debts were allowed to outlaw. They had all been paid or compounded for in 1601. All we know of this threatened writ of *capias utlegatum* is contained in Bacon's letter to Cecil quoted above. And Bacon merely mentioned it, as appears by the context, to show his kinsman how Coke took every opportunity of insulting him. Had Bacon been amenable to a writ to issue from the Attorney General of England, the suggestion by the mouth of the Attorney General himself would not have been an insult; but a threat, a word to tremble at, or to turn to stone before. Sir James Coke was not a man to threaten when he could perform. He performed: nor did he send threats in advance of his performance. It was, as we have said, an insulting reference to Bacon's early poverty, in the course of a little passage at arms between two men who perfectly understood their own and each

other's rights, powers, and privileges. Bacon turned it, not with an "apothegm" (as he called his own ponderously witty speeches), but with a quiet, lawyer-like, and rather contemptuous admission, coupled with an allusion to Coke's utter impotence in the matter. And that was all there was of it!

Had Bacon quitted England on account of his authorship of the Shakespeare plays, not only Elizabeth, Coke, the Judges at Essex's trial who accepted Bacon's excuse for not taking a certain part in the prosecution, and the thirty or forty editors, publishers, printers, messengers, and go-betweens who printed that cipher-covering First Folio,—not only all these, but all England would have known, about three hundred years ago, the truth which The Bacon Society is to-day engaged, by such tremendous accumulation of piecemeal facts and laborious argumentation, in proving.

L. L. LAWRENCE.

THAT "DRAM OF EALE."

THE many commentators who have striven to make the dark passages light, the obscure ones plain, the mysterious ones apparent, all halt at "the dram of eale." They take it up carefully and with guarded tenderness, much as a naturalist would handle some newly discovered insect, examine it with the utmost caution, note all its points and traits, compare it with known forms, and thus endeavor to solve the mystery. Or, more properly, they approach it as the philologist does a new language or idiom, turn it over and about, analyze it, and endeavor to ascertain its root-forms and origin. Even something like the patience, the perseverance, and the painstaking care that have marked the labors of antiquarians in solving the hidden meaning of the half-effaced hieroglyphics marking the history of ancient Egypt, Baälbec, or the rise and fall of Assyrian dynasties untold ages ago, have been applied in well-directed efforts to its solution. And yet, like the great riddle of the centuries, the sphinx, it still maintains its air of mystery. The commentators peer at it, pervert it, transpose it, substract from it, add to it, transform it, substitute words of like sound or of which the chirography may be similar, and at last pass it by with the honest confession, only made because enforced, that it is impenetrable. This being so, it is with some trepidation that I venture to assert any opinions on the subject.

The first Quarto, in giving the text of the play, differs in form and substance from most of the later editions. In it, all that is given of Horatio's question and Hamlet's answer is (*Bankside*, Q., line 421):

"*Hor.*—Is it a custome . . . ?

"*Ham.*—I, marry i'st, and though I am
Natie here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more honour'd in the breach
Than in the obseruance."

—the phrase, "the dram of eale," does not occur. But in the Quarto of 1604, after the text above given, Hamlet proceeds to enlarge censoriously upon the Danish custom of drinking deep, concluding with the clause now under consideration. The third Quarto, 1605, gives the same reading as the second. In the fourth Quarto, 1611, and the fifth, not dated, the "dram of eale" becomes "dram of ease," manifestly, I think, a correction in the wrong direction. The question that presented itself to those early correctors, doubtless, at that time was the same as our question to-day, "What is a 'dram of eale?'" The proof-reader may probably have read by words and not by sense, and so thought the "l" in "eale" a typographical error for the "s" in "ease." The question, however, notwithstanding this correction, has come down to us. Why should it not have been definitely settled at that early date? The original manuscript should have been accessible then,—it was probably at the play-house,—and unless the handwriting was very bad indeed, would have ended by reference the discussion for all time. If "eale," or "ease," as the case might be, were one or both printer's errors, the manuscript of the poet would have shown the fact, and the world would have been saved much unnecessary investigation, in so many cases barren and fruitless of results.

A complete collection of the numerous readings of the phrase has been made by Dr. Furness in his *Variorum Hamlet*, and it is unnecessary that they should be given here. The best of our Shakespearian editors, Grant White, Aldis Wright, and others, attempt no solution of their own, but leave the passage as they find it. And yet it appears desirable, if possible, to arrive at the poet's meaning; for meaning he certainly had, and one, doubtless, consistent with and analogous to the thought prominent in Hamlet's reply to Horatio.

To find such meaning in the intricacies of the poet's "many-sided words" occurring in the passage in which this puzzling little phrase appears as a stumbling-block, it is necessary, perhaps, to proceed by ellipsis, bearing in mind the author's peculiar mental condition at the time he held the dialogue, as plainly shown by the context. Referring to the text, we find that preceding the outburst of censure by Hamlet, which is very like one of righteous indignation, there is heard "a flourish of trumpets within and of ordnance shot off." Horatio asks (*Bankside*, F., line 608):

"What does this mean, my Lord?"

"*Ham.*—The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and swaggering up-spring reels;
And, and as he drinks his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge."

In this connection *wake* means a *wake-feast*, which, originally a church festival, had degenerated into a mere night revel. *Rouse*, expressed in Danish *ruus*, had reference to an act of intoxication, and that Shakespeare uses it in such sense is apparent from its unmistakably similar usage in *Othello* (*Bankside*, F., line 1170):

"*Cas.*—'Fore heaven, they have given me a *rouse* already!
"*Mon.*—Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier."

In the *Knight of Malta*, Act III., Scene iv., it is used in the same sense Shakespeare uses it, thus showing such to have been its general acceptance at the time.

"*Nor.*—I have took since supper
A *rouse* or two too much, and, by the gods,
It warms my blood."

In a previous passage in *Hamlet* it occurs in the following connection:

"And the King's *rouse* the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder,"

thus conveying the meaning, not simply a drink or two of wine, but of a deep debauch, with the attendant outcries incident to boisterous drunkenness in the state preceding total intoxication. The *swaggering up-spring reels* is proved to be a form of an old German dance by the following quotation from Chapman's *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*:

"We Germans have no changes in our dances;
An *almain* and an *up-spring*, that is all."

From its nature *up-spring* (Danish *opspringer*), to leap up, it was probably an early and crude variety of the *can-can* of the once famous *Jardin Mabile*. Thus the entire description is that of a brutal, excessive debauch, or as we phrase it, "spree" or "drunk." The *triumph of his pledge*, under these circumstances, looks like a bit of refined irony. Up to this point the Prince is speaking to the King, his uncle. From referring to his debauchery, he, by a natural extension of thought, passes to and includes the drunken habits of the Danes, as a nation, in his imprecations. He speaks of the

"Heavy-headed revel, east and west,"

as constituting the cause of their being traduced and reviled by other nations, and for this—their habit of indulging to excess in drinking strong liquors—he continues:

"They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition ;"

thus showing plainly that he regarded the habit as an unmixed evil, and one which elicited only his contempt. After his burst of honest indignation, Hamlet philosophises :

"That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners ;
. the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery or fortune's star,

Shall in the general censure take corruption."

The old text read, after "fortune's star," "His virtues," etc., and was corrected by Theobald to read, "Their virtues," etc., which correction has been accepted by all modern commentators. Yet may not this correction be an error? Premising the possibility of such being the case, we have Hamlet, in uneasy frame of mind, reverting to the subject in particular he had ceased discussing in order to extend his reflections to the nation in general. With such interpretation and restitution, we find him once more referring to the King, or at least to some individual in particular, saying of him :

"His virtues else (be they pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault ;"

be it his habits, his ambition, or his marriage to the Queen, his brother's wife, whichever may have been the uppermost thought in Hamlet's mind, but presumably his intoxication, his debauchery. It must be remembered that the Ghost of Hamlet's father had not yet told him

"The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown."

After that "particular fault" by which men judge, and for which censure would derogate, comes :

" The dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal."

Could not "the noble substance" be considered as having reference to his uncle's kingly honors? Would not the voice of censure say of him something like this: Even though he be King of Denmark, he keeps wassail, he drinks great draughts of Rhenish, he is a glutton and a drunkard, he is an adulterer, and worse, his adultery is incestuous, and there

is no good in him. He may be wise, even as Solomon was, and administer the government in the true and best interest of the nation; in all other respects his character may be estimable; yet this *dram of evil* is the one point from which, "in the general censure," he shall "take corruption." Could not this be Hamlet's meaning?

Hamlet has been perturbed; he has been told of the appearance of the shade of his father, come back from the farther shore of Styx, and, as he speaks, he is even watching for the return of the spectre. Strange thoughts of uneasiness as well as of woe must have filled his mind at this moment, and what vagary or fancy would not be likely to occur under such conditions? It would be difficult to determine, by any rule of physicist, what his brain would evolve under such conditions. Certain it is that his conversation naturally would be involved; that one sentence would not be likely to follow another as a sequence to the preceding one; that the *non-sequitur* would be far the more probable; and that he would be inclined to wander from the individual in particular to the nation in the aggregate,—especially as the individual was the King, and thus the representative of the nation,—and once more back again, in his reflections.

The confusion caused by the mixed use of the singular and plural forms of the pronoun may also, in a measure, be referred to the prerogative possessed or assumed only by royalty and the newspaper editor of using "we" for "I." Hamlet, educated at the court of his father, the "Royal Dane," was doubtless given to that usage. This idea, however, is only a vague one, which I place no stress upon, preferring to adhere to the original line of argument. Hamlet's thoughts, then, it is safe to assume, were those of a man who feels hovering over his life some deep and dark shadow, some strange and startling mystery, soon to be made clear, but the result of which, in anticipation, may present manifold terrors to the imagination. Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus are on the platform where the apparition had before been seen, watching for its return, and the hour was that

"Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk."

But the patient vigil is suddenly interrupted by the beating of drums, the blare of trumpets, and the sound of revelry. Under these circumstances it is small wonder that his reply to Horatio should, in part, lack directness and perspicuity.

One suggestion, I think, deserves more than a passing notice. I refer to the ingenious guess of Letsom, who makes the reading (I quote from memory) to represent a percentage of dross:

" The dram of base,
Doth [*i.e., doeth, worketh*] all the noble substance of a pound,
To his own scandal."

Staunton remarks, *apropos* this, the "suggestion, he informs us, is based, not on the fact that he supposed 'pound' was the actual word mis-rendered 'doubt,' but merely on this, that it occurs in opposition to dram in a line of Quarles' *Emblems* (b. ii., E. 7):

'Where every *dram* of gold contains a pound of *dross*,'

and because it was extremely probable that some such antithesis was intended here."

I confess to no little surprise that it did not occur to either Mr. Letsom or Mr. Staunton, or some one else, to substitute the impersonal pronoun in the last line, making a reading like this:

" The dram of *base* [or *dross*, or *lead*],
Doth [*i.e.*, worketh] all the noble substance of a *pound*
To *its* own scandal."

This would have conveyed the idea that, in Hamlet's opinion, a de-based coin was a scandalous one, and hence a scandal to the nation by which struck. By the word "pound" might be meant the pound sterling of Great Britain, for we find in reading the tragedy that the Danish court were on terms of intimacy with that of England. But all this is mere fancy.

A novel, and at the same time plausible, reading was given a few years ago by Hon. A. A. Adee (now Assistant Secretary of State, U. S. A.). Commenting on the subject in the *Washington Republic*, he quoted Prowett in *Notes and Queries*: "Is it not possible that there was such a word as *eale*, and that it was identical with another mysterious word used in *Hamlet*,

'Would'st drink up *esil*,'

which is said to mean vinegar? In that case we may, perhaps, imagine that Shakespeare wrote the next line,

'Doth all the noble substance *over-clout*.'"

In a foot-note Mr. Adee asks, "Why not *barm* of *esil* [for the scum of vinegar, or *barm* of *eale* for leaven of reproach]? No one has publicly suggested *barm* for *dram*. . . . But Shakespeare uses *barm* (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, II., i.) like *leaven* elsewhere in a healthful sense." Following on these premises, Mr. Adee gave quite an erudite discussion, and finally suggested, "Leaving *eale* untouched, but thus possibly explained,

' The dram of *eale*
Doth all the noble substance *over-clout*
To his own scandal.'"

An equally clear reading, and one doing no greater violence to the text, would be:

" The dram of *ale*
Doth all the noble substance *over-froth*
To *its* own scandal."

It is clear from the context that Shakespeare makes the idea of a certain per centum of imperfection, or baseness, or *evil*, being inherent in human nature, the central one, and makes Hamlet discourse of it as "some vicious mole in nature," something "in their [men's] birth," or "some habit" acquired, that "o'er-leavened" even "the form of plausible manners." He describes this defect, this imperfection, this mixture of *evil*, alike as "nature's livery," or "fortune's star," thus implying it may be hereditary or else the result of "evil communications." With the King in his mind, his whole utterance having begun with a reference to his keeping wassail, he argues that, though a man be "pure as grace,"—and yet a qualified grace, *i.e.*, "as infinite as a man may undergo,"—in the "general censure" this purity shall "take corruption from that particular fault," imperfection, baseness, or *evil*. This idea has a strong hold on Shakespeare's mind, as is elsewhere evidenced in the King's soliloquy, where he repeats it, as near as may be, in kind. Under this construction or view of the case, it appears to me that we are restricted in the choice of a word to use in place of *eale* to either *evil*, *vile*, *ill*, *bale*, or *base*, all of which are more or less synonymous. *Bale*, from the Saxon, *beal*, *beale*, meaning "misery, calamity," which was in use in such sense in Shakespeare's time, may possibly have been the very word used. Indeed, Shakespeare may have used it in the old Saxon spelling, *beale*, and the first letter have dropped from the form in transferring it from the imposing-stone to the press, thus giving the puzzling word *eale*. *Base* may be considered as nearly enough synonymous with *evil* to require no special remarks. *Ill* has, among its many meanings, that of *evil*, in connection with wickedness and depravity. It is so used by Dryden, in the lines:

"Strong virtue, like strong nature, struggles still,
Exerts itself, and then throws off the ill."

Vile is an adjective, but is frequently used as a noun, as when we say a man is *vile*, meaning he has *evil* habits. One view that impresses itself upon me quite strongly is in favor of *beale* (Saxon for *bale*); but that which has the most weight, and the one which I think surely conveys the sense if not the word of the author, is in favor of *evil* (*eale* being just the kind of blunder a printer could make from a blind manuscript *evil*). The word *dram* could not have been intended for a contraction from *drachm*, literally the 1-16 of an ounce avordupois, but was rather used in the sense of a small part or portion of the whole. The very use of this word *dram* at the conclusion of an outburst against intemperance shows its logical sequence. The toper does not take a *drink*,—he takes a *dram*, and the *dram*

habit is certainly an *evil* one. The reading I favor would convey the idea in general that the small portion of *evil* pertaining to man's nature is the leaven that leavens the lump, and, unless overcome itself, overcomes the nobler sentiments and parts of a man, very much "to his own scandal." In the particular case of Hamlet's uncle there is no room for doubt,—he was already debased by it. These deductions lead me to read the passage :

" The dram of *evil*
Doth all the noble substance, *of a doubt*,
To his own scandal."

While so reading it, however, I still think it may possibly read :

" The dram of *beale*
Doth all the noble substance, *of a doubt*,
To his own scandal."

This reading is that of the earliest printed edition (1604), containing the lines and phrases, and without the alteration of a letter, and simply restoring one that may have dropped from the form or been broken off. As the poet was alive at that date, and doubtless inspected the edition, it must have been some such mere error as this, which he thought would have been corrected, *pro forma*, else he would have looked to the correction himself.

Should the correction of Theobald, before referred to, be preferred to the restoration, then it seems to me the singular form of the pronoun should be changed in the last line, so as to read, "*their* own scandal."

I do not find any difficulty with the remainder of the text. *Doth* may be considered as used in the sense of *doeth*, i.e., *worketh*, etc.; perhaps *pervade*, to *run through*, used colloquially in the way people speak of "doing the continent," or in these days of world-spanning, "doing the world," having reference to travelling or going through or around. *Of a doubt* may possibly be a corruption, as has been suggested by Mason, for *o'ft corrupt*, or, as Steevens reads it, for *often dout*, in the sense of *do out*; but, considering the ambiguous use made of the preposition *of* by the old writers, the words were more probably used in the sense of *doubtless*. Putting this construction on them, the meaning of the phrase becomes clear, and makes very good sense of what possibly was the original, and which, as before stated, with the omission of a single letter, was given in the earlier folios.

The suggestion of using the word *evil* for *eale* is not new, though I believe that of using *beale* is. I do not think, however, that *evil* is found in any of the early editions. Keightley, in 1865, suggested :

" The dram of *evil*
Doth all the noble substance of a *courtier*
To his own scandal."

Swynfen Jervis gives:

" The dram of *evil*
Doth all the noble substance *oft out do*
To his own scandal."

Elze, in 1866, read:

" The dram of *evil*
Doth all the noble substance *often daub*
To his own scandal."

And Dyce, in 1866, puts it:

" The dram of *evil*
Dothall the noble substance *oft debase*
To his own scandal."

Here are four readings, from as many authorities, all agreeing upon the use of the word *evil*, but substituting for *of a doubt*, which they consider a misprint, such word or words as they think restore the text. But, why this substitution? Is not the theory that *of a doubt* is more in the sense of *doubtless*, and that it was what Shakespeare wrote, preferable to casting around in the broad acres of imagination for a fungus growth, that, like Jonah's gourd, came up in the night-time only to wither under the noon-day sun? Yet, if substitutions are in order, why not one of these:

" The dream of wits
Doth all the noble substance overdo
To their own scandal?"

Or, " The dram of bile
Turns all the noble substance of a draught [in the stomach]
To his own scandal?"

Or, " The dram of grease
Doth all the noble substance [of a candle] often douse
To its own darkness?"

Or anything else that Shakespeare never wrote!*

W. V. S. WILSON.

* Zachary Jackson, in 1817, suggested:

" The dram of *ale*
Doth all the noble substance *overdough*
To his own scandal."

It is not improbable that ales were designated, in Shakespeare's time as well as now, by letters, thus, X, XX, XXX, and that the poet wrote *X ale*, which *X* the printer mistook for its algebraic equivalent of an unknown quantity, and supplied out of the *e* box as the one containing the greater quantity, on the principle possibly that "the greater contains the less." This explanation has the

STRATFORD CHURCH, VICARS, AND "VANDALISM."

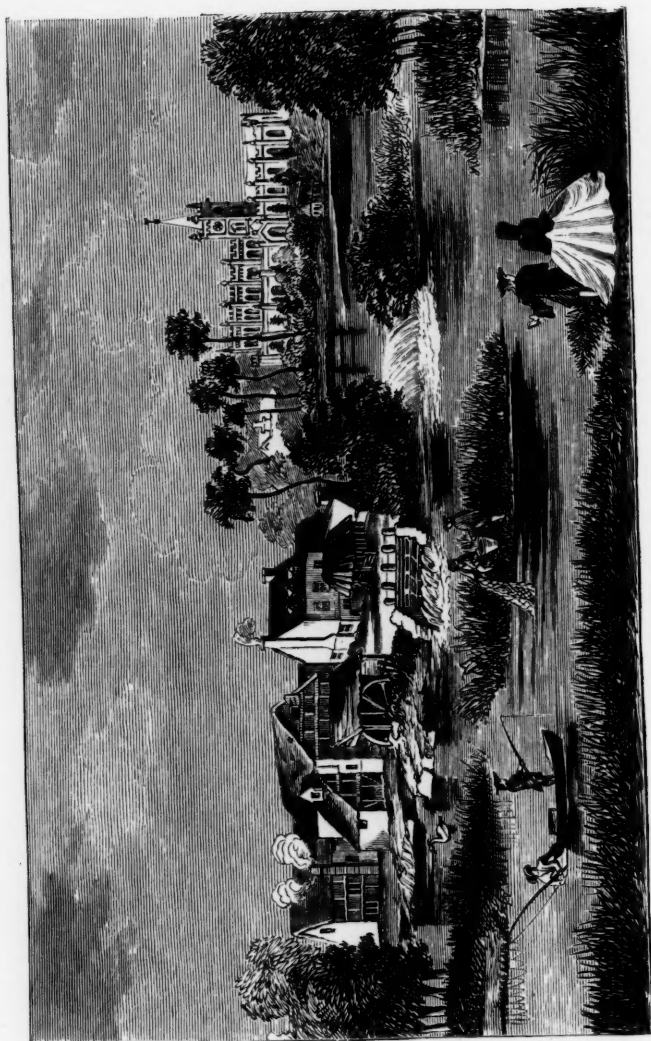
THE parish church of Stratford-upon-Avon, in which Shakespeare was buried, Holy Trinity, has always been the most prominent feature externally in that town. We present herewith four views of the town, in 1715, 1740 (frontispiece), 1746, and in 1806, respectively, from which this fact would seem sufficiently to appear. The history of the present edifice is one which, at first, cannot be written with definiteness. The Domesday Book makes mention of a church in the town. Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, says the church at Stratford-on-Avon "is a very ancient structure, little less than the Conqueror's time, as I guess by the fabrick of the steeple." John of Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury, in or about the tenth year of Edward the Third, caused to be built "the south aisle of the nave, with a chantry chapel at its eastern end," and the executors of Hugh Clopton, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, built the transept or "north and south cross." In 1358, it is recorded that the edifice was occupied by a college of priests and boy choristers settled there by Ralph of Stratford, then Bishop of London. Several royal charters were granted to the church, and its official head was designated in them "Dean of the Collegiate Church of Holy Trinity at Stratford-upon-Avon." As the family of one of its earliest benefactors, Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London in 1492, made the town their seat, and buried their dead beneath its pavement, it is not probable that the church was ever allowed to fall into ruin; and during Shakespeare's lifetime it must have retained its ancient condition without improvement or the encroachments of any personal taste in "restoration." Like other churches of its date, it had a timber roof, which, of course, has been from time to time renewed and replaced. "This house of God," says an authority, "grey with years, perfect in beauty, is heart and soul a glory of our storied England," and to this effect is the unanimous comment of every architect or spectator who has ever beheld it. With such a Work and such a Fame,—here in remote America, at least,—one would feel that

merit of being at once mathematical and logical, and therefore should attract the attention of scientific persons, such as the Donnelly cipherists, for example. This reading naturally would follow:

" The dram of *X ale*
Doth all the noble substance overfroth
To his own scandal."

This suggests one other reading, and one that will certainly be an acceptable one with all naval officers:

" The dram of *grog*
Doth all the noble sailors (send) *over the bay*
To their own satisfaction."



STRATFORD-UPON-AVON IN 1715.

those who touched it must come reverently, and soberly, and deliberately: and, working even with the utmost knowledge and good intention, feel that the slightest incompetency or error would fairly entitle his posterity, if not his own generation, to call him an intruder and a vandal.

Since our issue of January last there has accrued the following matter in relation to the question as to the present, or very recent, "restorations," which have excited such deep interest among those who love the church as the temple and tomb of Shakespeare, and therefore claim that it should be and remain, as nearly as possible, in the guise and condition in which Shakespeare knew it.

Says W. J. Rolfe in *The Critic* of February 8th, 1890:

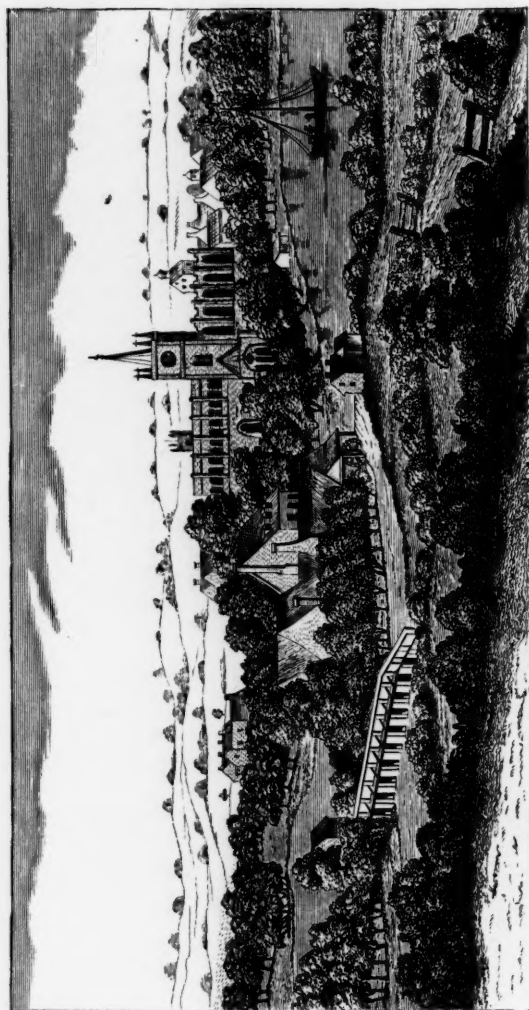
"THE 'RESTORATIONS' AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—At present the Vicar of Stratford is one of the best-abused of men. The 'restoration' of an old church in England, or elsewhere in Europe, even if done solely to keep the venerable edifice from falling to pieces, is almost invariably denounced by a certain class of critics; and the timely and judicious work on Holy Trinity Church at Stratford has not escaped this unintelligent fault-finding. A petty squabble among the parish authorities has made the criticism appear more plausible to those not thoroughly acquainted with the facts in the case. Having visited Stratford every year but one in the last seven, and having watched the repairs of the church with keen interest, I may say that, in my humble opinion, there is no good reason for these strictures. The interior of the building has been 'restored' in the best sense of the term. The mischief done in the past has been wisely corrected. There has been a return to the old construction and arrangements, not a substitution of new ones, that, as some have hastily declared, give a modern 'spick-and-span new' look to the ancient structure. The changes, moreover, have been made with the approval of the Bishop of the diocese and the consent of the parishioners formally expressed, and also under the direction of eminent architects. As to the work in the churchyard I cannot speak from personal observation. It is proper to add that I have never met the vicar, Dr. Arbuthnot, and therefore am not influenced by any personal considerations in what I say of him."

On his attention being called to this card of Dr. Rolfe's, Mr. William Winter gave us permission to print the following letter, addressed to us at our request:

"THE BEAUFORT, 754 Seventh Avenue,
"NEW YORK, February 16th, 1890.

"TO THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARIANA:

"... Whatever Dr. Rolfe writes is, of course, entitled to respect. But the facts as to the mutilation of Stratford church and churchyard are as I have stated them. The building and the grounds, indeed, speak for themselves. It is mere folly to oppose an expression of opinion against obvious and specific facts. . . . The truth remains that while a part of the work of restoration has been well



STRATFORD-UPON-AVON IN 1746.

conceived and properly done, another and a considerable part of it has tended to turn the church into a modern building, and to turn the churchyard into a sort of mortuary park. The beauty of the place cannot be destroyed, but the venerable antiquity and romantic charm of it have been considerably and needlessly impaired. I have been a frequent visitor at Stratford-on-Avon during the last thirteen years. I have spent much time there, and I know, from close and careful investigation, that Stratford church and churchyard are not nearly as interesting as they were before the present vicar began to furbush them up with 'the modern improvements.' I am, furthermore, in a position to apprise Dr. Rolfe that a considerable number of the leading citizens of Stratford-upon-Avon take the same 'intelligent' view of the subject that I have expressed.

"Faithfully yours,

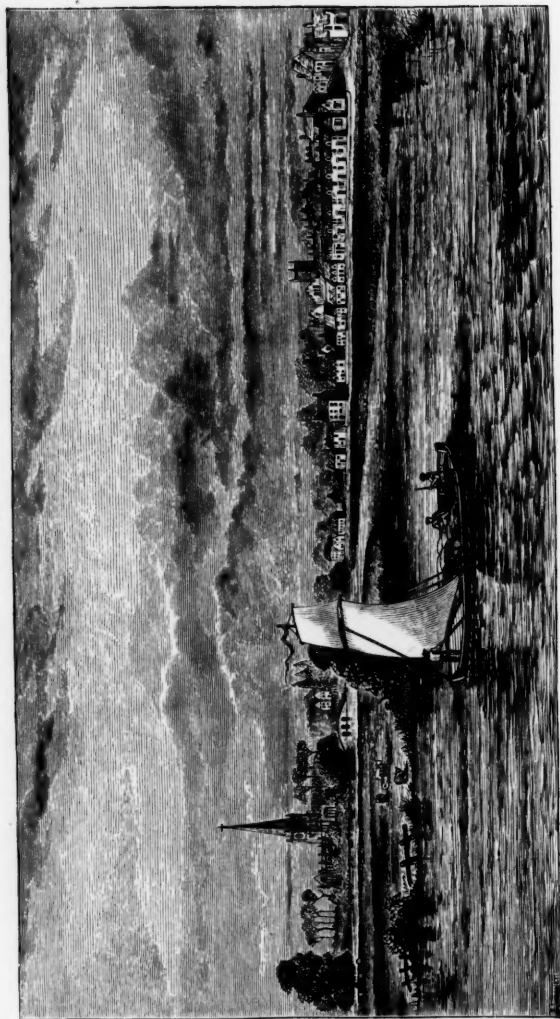
"WILLIAM WINTER."

From the *Birmingham Gazette* of March 11th, 1890, we cut the following:

"MR. TIMMINS AND THE RESTORATION OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH.—Mr. Timmins yesterday called attention to the Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon with respect to another restoration scheme which is about to be put into operation. Mr. Timmins, in a letter to the *Times*, quotes the following from the *Stratford Parish Magazine* for March:

"This month will see a start made with the restoration of the chancel of our parish church. The committee have accepted a tender from Mr. Franklin, the builder who has already done such good work at the church, to repair and clean the inside walls and roof, and to restore the old stalls. This will cost nearly £600, and the women of Stratford have already collected over £400, but, as the vicar has made himself responsible for the full sum required, it is to be hoped that they will set themselves with renewed energy to the task of getting £200 more. Before the work is completed, the windows which were bequeathed to the church by the late Miss Bromley will be ready for fixing, and as they cost £500, the total improvement will represent £1,100. There is one other work which grievously needs undertaking, and which the committee have approved of, but alas have no funds to carry out,—the repaving of the chancel. The present pavement is worn away, and walking upon it is really dangerous. We have serious fears that a church-warden some day will sprain his ankle, if he does not break his leg. The sum required is £280, and it would be so nice to have it done at the same time as the stalls that we live in hopes some one will come forward and say, 'I will do it.' We fear we shall be shut out of the chancel for about three months, and, of course, the congregation will suffer some inconvenience; but the experience of this will only make the opening festival, which will be early in June, more joyous."

"Commenting on this announcement, Mr. Timmins says:—'This seems to mean that not only "we," but the thousands of pilgrims to the grave-stone and monument of Shakespeare, are to be "shut out" for "about three months," which would be a serious



STRATFORD-UPON-AVON IN 1806.

disappointment to visitors from all parts of the world who can visit only once. No guarantee seems to be given as to what will be done in the name of restoration when the public is shut out, and very possibly many serious changes may be made, and then any protest will be too late. Is it not the clear duty of the bishop, or the lay rectors, or the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, or the *Times*, to intervene and to watch on behalf of the British public the possible changes in this national monument, where the remains and the memorial of Shakespeare are preserved? Is such a monument as Shakespeare's church to be left to the mercy of a vicar (for life) and an anonymous local committee?"

In *The Critic* of April 5th, 1890, Dr. Rolfe has the following further comment:

"THE STRATFORD 'RESTORATION' AGAIN. — A bewildered querist in a neighboring city wants to know what is 'the truth about this Stratford business.' He has read the five pages headed 'Vandalism at Stratford-upon-Avon' in *SHAKESPEARIANA* for January, and is evidently impressed by the quotations from Halliwell-Phillipps and others 'who ought to know' about the matter. I can only repeat my honest opinion that, so far as the work on the church is concerned, there is no good ground for complaint. All that Halliwell-Phillipps really said was, that people familiar with the history of the church 'may be excused for thinking it *possible* that the irremediable mischief which accrued through local management on previous occasions *may now be repeated* under similar conditions' (the italics are mine). There had been 'vandalism' in the past, and he feared it might occur again. Others had the same apprehension, and it was natural enough, considering how often 'restoration' of ancient buildings in England has covered a multitude of sins against architecture and history. In this instance, however, I believe that the work has been conducted in the right spirit. One would suppose from some of the criticisms that the church had been 'modernized,' and made to look in some respects as if 'newly built'; but I doubt whether a visitor who had not seen it before, and had not heard of the restorations, would suspect that any important repairs or alterations had been made in the last hundred years. The new organ, of course, looks new, and the window put in a few years ago by American contributions would not be mistaken for ancient glass, but the sacred edifice itself appears to me more truly venerable, more as we may imagine it was in Shakespeare's own day, than when I first saw it twenty-two years ago.

"The vicar has been censured for charging a fixed fee of sixpence for admission to the church when service is not going on; but this is coming to be the rule at the English cathedrals and churches that are much visited by tourists, the great majority of whom I am confident are relieved when they find that they are to pay a definite price instead of the indefinite 'tip' otherwise expected. It was also a good idea to give each visitor a printed description of the church, though people who have never been there, and who are bound to find fault with everything the present vicar does, have actually com-

plained of this. In former years the sexton or verger used to take tourists about the building in as a hurried way as he could, in order to get his 'tip,' and be ready to attend to another lot of visitors; but now one can linger in the building and examine it at leisure, referring to the printed slip, which is a welcome exchange for the parrot-like gabble of the attendant.

"As to the alleged 'vandalism' in the churchyard, I can only say, as in a former note, that I know nothing of my own knowledge; but I shall be surprised if this portion of the charges against the vicar does not prove to be as unreasonable as the rest."

Finally, we have the following letter, from which our readers will draw, of course, their own conclusions:

"AVONBANK, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, March, 1890.

"MY DEAR SIR:—In reply to your inquiries, I regret that you should have asked me to take part in the correspondence to which you refer. To give a complete history of the subject would be long, and to me very painful. I can only shortly in reply say, that I have now seen the paragraph from *The Critic*, but in it I do not find that the writer 'completely exonerates the vicar.' The fact is the vicar's want of tact and temper has not only hindered the work on the church, but has also drawn on him and the restoration committee a great deal of undeserved or exaggerated criticism.

"The most important part of the work of restoration has been on the exterior and main fabric of the building, which was sadly out of repair. This work has, happily, been completed. The Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings was consulted, and there was no 'pulling down and rebuilding,' but simple repairs, only single decayed stones being replaced by sound ones. This gave the church, at first, not a 'spick and span,' but rather a spotty appearance, which has now almost toned down by the action of the weather. The removal of the galleries, put up in 1840, was also approved of by the society. A great mistake was made in the removal of some partly decayed monuments, which was done without consulting the committee. One of these, the Hart tablet, being connected with the memory of Shakespeare, naturally caused great excitement and indignation, which the vicar met in a very injudicious manner. The tablet has been carefully replaced, but from that time everything has been criticised by the press, often in no very friendly spirit. The work done since has been mainly in the interior of the church, and has not affected the fabric. The original intentions of the committee have, in some instances, been departed from or overridden, but I believe that no 'irreparable injury' has been committed, though some things have been done, and I believe are contemplated, to which I would certainly object had I any voice in the matter. My connection with the restoration committee, however, ended in June 1888, and I am happy to think that the repairs and safety of the fabric had then been secured. There is still some desirable work to be done, but the unfriendly criticisms and the way in which they have been met, render it very unlikely that money can be raised to undertake these for many years to come.

Yours faithfully,

"CHARLES E. FLOWER."

Editorially, SHAKESPEARIANA has already stated its own convictions in this "restoration" matter in the plainest terms. Certainly we cannot be expressing more than the universal sentiment of all who interest themselves in the preservation of history and of sanctuary, when we add the hope that, in the future, the task of repairing and remodelling the ravages of time on Shakespeare's Church will be left to those who regard the edifice as a Memorial of Shakespeare. The idea of any possible competition between the memory of Shakespeare and Religion, or between the memory of Shakespeare and the Anglican Church, is one we have never discussed, and one which is quite too absurd for adult discussion.

IS BROWNING DRIVING OUT SHAKESPEARE?

SOMETHING like this question was asked in SHAKESPEARIANA in its issue of February, 1889, and answered very promptly in the negative. "Within that circle none durst walk but he," occurred to us then, as now, to be, and always to be, the response to any such impertinence. But, while the question appeared to answer itself, there nevertheless seems of late to be some necessity of recapitulating. New lights have arisen to urge that Shakespeare, while yet holding the worship, was losing the demonstrations of his posterity. Shakespeare, we are told by certain young persons who have recently taken the "Comparative Study of Literature" as their province, is getting to be a little "Elizabethan." While splendid still, he is not quite "complex" enough for our nineteenth-twentieth century study. His characters are too direct; devoted to the portrayal of only one emotion apiece. What we want is something "realistic,"—something really "dramatic." These two words, "realistic" and "dramatic," are now understood and illustrated to mean something much more complicated than an Othello, a Macbeth, or even a Hamlet. The passions should not be depicted quite so grandly and loftily. It is much better to run them into commonplace now and then; to mix them up with a little garbage now and then. Mr. Vincent Crummle's order to his stage-poet to write up to a real pump and wash-tub, Count Tolstoi's or M. Zola's analysis of the purely dirty or the absolutely functionary, are more nearly the correct things for the conventionality of modern life. And if these dirty and functional things can be handled in unexpected sources,—not, for example, by rude men, but by delicate young ladies,—so much the better; since, of course, we must all the more admire the devotion to "truth in art" which compels such dainty hands to volunteer such "realistic" work! We do not quite know how it has

happened—certainly it is not the fault of the author of the monograph *The Society and the 'Fad'**—that the distinguished name of the late Mr. Browning had been mixed up with pronouncements from the aforesaid young ladies to the above-recited effect. But, since Mr. Morgan appears to us to be quite as anxious to rescue Mr. Browning from a possible damage in the house of his friends as to differentiate the possible vagaries and absurdities of the Browning Society—as an institution—from the candid objects and labors of the Shakespeare Society—as an institution,—it has seemed convenient to present a sort of consensus of our correspondents and exchanges as to both, as further answering the question at the head of this article.

Mr. Charles Arnold writes:

"I have always supposed that Browning drew a comparison between Shakespeare and himself, not entirely to his own loss, in that passage in *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, beginning:

'. . . Shall we write
Hamlet, Othello, make the world our own?'

which, if it is ever possible to guess at the train of thought which happens to be running in Browning's mind, means that, by the aid of the difference in situation, Browning is quite as great a man as was Shakespeare! But any comparison between the two seems to me superfluous. As well compare the ocean with the Philadelphia Public Buildings,—the things compared are out of relation, are not in the same category. Shakespeare was not only a poet, but 'soul of his age;' not only a great poet, but 'the applause, delight, and wonder of the stage.' And, to my mind, that is a fine passage wherein Mr. Morgan imagines Shakespeare foreseeing, while at work among the makeshifts and crudities of his own theatres, all the splendor of the modern stage, with the triumph of the practical stagewrights' art, transformation, ensemble and *mise en scene*. Browning is a poet, true enough. But to get at his poetry one must open his books of verses at the right places. Otherwise there is only expression massed (opaque, intricate, or only disordered,—I will not go into that). But it is the theory of our busy age, that if a man have something to say he must find means to say it briefly and at once, for there are others waiting their turn, and one cannot listen to anybody too long. Is it not because Shakespeare satisfies this theory to-day that his work is still read and prized? I think it is. He speaks to us just as directly and unwastefully of words as if he were a nineteenth-century instead of a seventeenth-century man of affairs, to whom time was money and breath precious. This, I apprehend, is what Mr. Morgan means by saying that Shakespeare was scientific, and doubts if a less scientific element in Shakespeare would not just so far have closed him to nineteenth-century appreciation. 'To study a man's or a poet's "want of form,"' says Mr.

* *The Society and the 'Fad.'* Being an amplification of an address delivered before the Shakespeare Club of New York City, November 1, 1889, by Appleton Morgan, President of the New York Shakespeare Society. New York: N. D. C. Hodges, cloth, 12mo, pp. 26.

Morgan, 'is a "fad."' And surely he is right. If there is a system, a science, in Browning, well and good. But if not, to study and to organize societies to study that which is systemless, formless, and inconsequential is just a 'fad,' and nothing can make it anything else! I am glad, for one, that Mr. Morgan has calmly called attention to the matter. 'The modern stage, modern stage science, and stage art is the realization,' says Mr. Morgan, 'of Shakespeare's dream.' Therefore he was a practical dreamer, and has been of practical use to his race. Therefore it is not—barring all other reasons—a 'fad' to study Shakespeare. And certainly Mr. Morgan insists upon our contemplating the difference between the Elizabethan and the Victorian poet most strenuously and completely when he opposes two such statements as these:

'And, as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.'

And this from *The Inn Album*:

'That bard's a Browning, he neglects the form!'"

Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall says:

"I find *The Society and the 'Fad'* lying upon my table, and take it up with an indistinct question haunting my thoughts: 'Have the admirers of Browning been treading on the toes of the Shakespeareans?' What else could have suggested this comparison of the two names? 'Browning and Ibsen are the only really dramatic authors of their century,' writes some one; and the president of the New York Shakespeare Society enters the lists.

"Once upon a time, when there were no ocean steamers, when a heavy tax cut us off from English books, there appeared a volume, *Bells and Pomegranates*. Not only I, but many a bright young girl from Margaret Fuller's classes, the keen wits at Concord, and many a New England clergyman in embryo, including the well-beloved James Freeman Clarke, copied the verses which sent such a thrill through the heart. No one then thought that a new 'dramatic' author was born, but every one felt the presence of a great ethical teacher. The morality of Shakespeare, whatever inspiration enforces it, grows out of the nature of his materials. That of Browning comes of set purpose, so that rarely, except in some graceful song or some outburst of hearty sympathy, such as we feel in *Hervé Riel* or *Kentish Sir Byng*, do we find a verse of Browning without its didactic point. The first followers of Browning in this country were the men who reprinted *Sartor Resartus*; who loved Carlyle, adored Emerson, and looked critically at the grim facts in human history. No one can fail to see that, of the great mass of poetry that Browning has left, a portion must perish. Out of the rejected portion many noble lines or stanzas might be rescued, but will these ever pass into popular speech? We quote Shakespeare without knowing it. Shall we ever quote Browning so? It seems to me that any estimate of Browning which counts him as a dramatic poet is essentially mistaken. I doubt very much whether

the word would ever have been used in connection with his poetry if he himself had not given the critics a hint in the volumes entitled, *Dramatic Poems* and *Dramatic Lyrics*. *The Blot on the Scutcheon* and *Pippa Passes* show the nearest approach to what may be called dramatic power in Browning, yet it is very hard to find any term to describe the best of his poems. In the preface to *Dramatic Lyrics*, the author says that all the poems are 'dramatic in principle.' That perhaps is true, but are they dramatic in achievement? It seems to me that Browning's was not a *dramatic*, but rather an intensely *sympathetic*, nature. Thus, in *The Ring and the Book*, whether we turn to Count Guido, Caponsacchi, or Pompilia, we have, the author thinks, the utterances of 'imaginary persons.'

"If Shakespeare had dealt with these persons, they would have been true to their period or the fairy realm of Titania. But what Browning pours into the mould of the tenth or the thirteenth century is, not what he might have found there, but the thought and feeling of a distinctly nineteenth-century man,—namely, himself. However this statement may shock some of those who are no better lovers of Browning than myself, I think it would be impossible, even under the disguise of medieval spelling, to imagine Browning's poems written in any period antecedent to the Lake Poets. His verses are the climax of the retrospective, introspective, and subjective mood, into which Wordsworth and his followers plunged the English muse. The Browning societies were started, whatever Mr. Furnivall may think, because there were ethical points to be discussed and historic questions to be investigated, which the poet has made obscure by involved diction, no doubt, but which are out of the common range of study. 'Mr. Browning,' says Mr. Morgan, 'had no sources of information which the reader cannot enjoy or cannot procure.' I think this a mistake. Browning had steeped himself in medieval lore, with which few persons ever come in contact, until he forgot how alien this was to the life of his time. He showed an almost ignoble scorn of his readers when he refused to write out the argument, or hint the time, place, and purpose of the masks he assumed,—for everywhere he was Browning, in spite of himself.

"We call Dante difficult because it is hard to master the politics and private history of his time. But Dante wrote the purest and most limpid Tuscan. Browning's involved style would not have created what Mr. Morgan calls 'fad.' It was the long list of conundrums that he gave us from *Sordello* to *La Saisiaz*, which has produced that 'fad.' 'As a matter of fact,' says Mr. Morgan, 'the language of Shakespeare is actually nearer to our own than that of any writer of any century preceding ours.' That is true; but something more is true. It was Shakespeare and the translators of King James's Bible who created the English language of to-day;—not its slang, not its technical terminologies, but the bone and muscle of the tongue used by the common people. Other poets might have contributed to this, but Shakespeare had the advantage of the theatre. The pithy sayings, the philosophic aphorisms, those lines

which answer to all human experience like the profoundest utterances of Scripture, sayings which seem so familiar to the novice when he opens his Shakespeare, were first uttered on the stage, and being caught up by the audience, passed at once into the safekeeping of the unlettered crowd. When Emerson once said that he found it impossible to understand what people meant when they asserted that the verses of Shakespeare could always be distinguished from those of Ben Jonson, Marlowe, or other writers of his period, he passed judgment on his own critical faculty, and the selections in 'Parnassus' show that he cared far more for the thought than for the form of a verse. So far speaks a hearty lover of Browning, who nevertheless finds a good deal of truth in what Mr. Morgan suggests. But, for one, I rather object to Mr. Morgan's saying that 'Shakespeare died so utterly unconscious that he had done anything more than any other playwright, that he never made the slightest effort to perpetuate a line he had written,' or to his insisting always that Shakespeare was a mere bread-winner.

"For my part, I firmly believe that Shakespeare himself printed and edited, with extreme care, both the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece*. I believe that the Folio of 1623 was printed in pursuance of some pledge given to Shakespeare during his lifetime. The editors regretted that Shakespeare had not lived to do it. If proof be wanting of Shakespeare's devotion to poetry as an art, I think that Prof. Baynes has satisfactorily shown us that the 'first heir of Shakespeare's invention' carries the key-note to the love of poetry, which I think, and Prof. Baynes thinks, makes itself evident throughout the Sonnets. It is supposed that *Venus and Adonis* was printed in 1596. The title-page to the first edition bears a motto from one of Ovid's Eclogues very characteristic of Ovid, and by its position quite as characteristic, I think, of Shakespeare himself:

'Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.'

Of this Eclogue Prof. Baynes asserts that there was at that time no English translation. It was a spirited vindication of the poet against the charge of being an idler. To understand all that Shakespeare meant when he put those two lines upon his title-page we must review the argument in Ovid. After naming all the greatest poets known to him, Ovid goes on to say: 'With these I take my part; their labors and rewards are the only objects of my ambition; their life is the only life I care to lead.'

"That Shakespeare loved Ovid every line of his earlier poems testifies, and on this title-page he tells us, in the words with which Ovid sums up his argument, that for him the elixir of life flows in the Castalian Spring. To put it into English:

'The vulgar, let the vulgar herd admire;
To me, may the golden-haired Apollo serve cups
brimming from Castaly.'

This early poem glows with the vigor of youth and the passionate color of Ovid; but in it Shakespeare has not failed to strike the note

of a much later century, to which he was to send his own uplifting summons,—a note which never fell upon the ear of the Latin poet. He says:

‘Call not Lust Love, for Love to Heaven is fled,
Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
Love’s gentle spring doth always fresh remain.’

“Mr. Morgan draws attention to the fact that there is a certain prophetic quality in the plays,—plays at first represented on barren boards, but suggestive of the most elaborate illustration, and sustaining it without modification. This is true; but again, more is true also. The magnificent setting given to *Hamlet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and the *Merchant of Venice*, by Irving, did not burden those plays in the least. It remained always subordinate to the play. It filled out our unconscious mental requirement, but we could spare it. Did we miss anything when Fanny Kemble read those same plays to us, without even a change of dress to emphasize her parts?

“‘I believe,’ says Mr. Morgan, ‘that anything that survives its own century must have something of the practical about it.’ Yes; but the highest ‘practical’ is the ideal. This must always be enshrined in verse if it is to be immortal. The genius of Byron could not redeem the flowing lines from which his own deficient moral consciousness expelled it. It is not alone because Shakespeare gives us inspired portraits of his own era that he is our most precious possession, but because he himself responded to the broadest humanity of all the ages, and sang in unconscious sympathy with the immortal destiny of his race.”

Mr. Horace P. Harman writes:

“The temptation to organize what I see SHAKESPEARIANA calls ‘tea-and-Browning sociables’ is naturally stronger in the case of a literature which means Anything than in that of a literature which means Something; and so rather runs in Mr. Browning’s favor as against Shakespeare just at present. Mr. Morgan, with some experience perhaps,—certainly with the courage of his convictions,—essays to check the influence of this temptation. He suggests that if Browning were more intelligible there would be fewer Browning clubs; that it is Mr. Browning’s obscurity, rather than his material, which attracts the rarified young lady; and urges that, while no great harm will be done on the whole by organizing sociables to guess at what Mr. Browning means, it would be better to devote the same amount of energy to something which has to do with matter of real moment; since, after all, when translated into intelligibility, Mr. Browning only deals in familiar matter,—matter of which, as Mr. Morgan expresses it, ‘the world is already tenant-in-common along with the poet.’ The mysterious law or tendency which just now rules that it is the rarified young person of the feminine—rather than of the masculine—gender who, on the plea that it is ‘dramatic,’ runs into eulogistic analysis of ‘anything which is repulsive or unpleasant, anything which has the flavor of forbidden fruit, or con-

cerning which the less said the better,' Mr. Morgan passes with the remark that 'what is dirty is not, on that account, dramatic.' The address is a strong one, full of traction. It makes but little estimate of what Mr. Morgan calls 'mere cumulative poetry,' and suggests that the race has all the didacticism it hankers after, already. 'It is because Shakespeare was the poet of the true and the living, rather than of the didactic and the transcendental, that he is immortal,' thinks Mr. Morgan, and I must say I concur. I do not understand Mr. Morgan as denying that Browning is a poet. That he believed himself a dramatic poet is no doubt the fact. But the world will hardly, I think, agree with him as to that. What Mr. Morgan implies, I conceive, is that the Browning societies are of no value to either Browning or to general literature, because they confine their industry not to Browning's merits, but to his faults,—for obscurity is, and always must be, a fault in anybody or in anything; and because chatter about what one does not understand is not dignified because the chatterer happens to be a corporation instead of an individual, etc. I am sure I don't know who will arise to contradict Mr. Morgan as to this.

Mrs. M. R. Silsby, president of the Seneca Falls Shakespeare Society (and who, like Dr. Rolfe, confesses to have organized a Browning Society), writes:

"I feel that there can be other objects in studying a poet than to hear about 'the manners, customs, habits, speech,' of a certain century. I can sympathize with a society that studies Plato, Dante, Goethe. At the same time, I have room in my mind and heart for a Browning, a Shelley, a Wordsworth, and even a Matthew Arnold,—all worthy of real study. I do not claim that Browning is the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century, or, as Miss Burt says, 'the Marlowe to a Shakespeare yet to come,' or that he is the poet of the twentieth century. But I do claim that, while Browning has been overrated and worshipped, as well as underrated and misunderstood, yet, when all has been said, he is a great poet, Christian teacher and philosopher, and he must have a boundless influence on the poets that come after him. It is time for us to have another great poet,—another Shakespeare; and when he appears you will find him to have been greatly influenced by Browning. There is no necessity of 'digging.' Browning's thought is never obscure; his mode of expression often is. Do you not think a play or poem of Shakespeare is better enjoyed after repeated reading,—the better known the more appreciated? Here is the need of Browning clubs,—to read and re-read, to study, to know that great poet. I am vexed with myself when I think of the pleasure I lost for so many years by not reading Browning simply because somebody dubbed him 'the poet of the opaque.' I never pulled a stray familiar text from my Browning calendar, for instance,—'Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?' or, 'Other heights in other lives, God willing!'—even in the most depressed mood, without feeling encouraged and uplifted. Perhaps Browning is a woman's poet, and cannot be enjoyed by strong-minded man. If so, I am glad I am a woman."

Mr. Sidwell N. Breeze writes :

"Browning 'a dramatic poet!' Surely the writer in the *Young Ladies' Journal* who said this must have confined her knowledge of Mr. Browning to his own line, 'And Robert Browning, you writer of plays,' or could not have read much Browning criticism outside of the Browning societies, who, I believe, are indisposed to listen to any denial of any attribute whatever to their adoration's object. No! Browning may be better than 'a dramatic poet,' but 'dramatic' he is not. He is always subjective, metaphysical; using always the monologue as his conveyance. To call him 'dramatic' is to justify Mr. Morgan's question whether 'It is only Mr. Browning's obscurity that the Browning societies study?' 'How can the chemist read the soul?' asks Mr. Stedman, who, I fear from this, would hardly be admitted into the circle of the esoteric Brownings."

Mr. Robert Waters, author of *Shakespeare as Portrayed by Himself*, says :

"... I think Mr. Morgan is right. These Browning societies are little else than a fad or a fashionable craze of the day. I have read some of Browning's poems with great pleasure and profit; but the long ones I could not, I think, venture to attack as a reader. Nor do I think that it is worth one's while to rack one's brains over a writer who cannot make his thoughts plainly intelligible to the men of his own day in the language of the day. . . . I never for a moment confounded the Shakespeare societies with the Browning societies. I felt the difference which Mr. Morgan forcibly expresses."

John Banfeld, Esq., writes :

"The difference between Shakespeare and Browning is the difference between the purely impersonal and the purely personal. Shakespeare is so impersonal that to day, after three centuries of study, men are still debating who and what he was, or even as to whether he was not, like Sheridan's character, 'several gentlemen at once.' Browning is so personal that one cannot take him at all without ascertaining, *aliunde*, who he was and what he is talking about. Another difference: Every word of Shakespeare is needed, is important, and its preservation a matter of scrupulous care. Browning writes long, dreary wastes of monologue that are ascertained to cover details of no importance, in which his poetry, if there is any, is like Gratiano's reasons,—forty grains of wheat in forty bushels of chaff. The chaff will perhaps yield to some sort of interpretation; I doubt if it would not yield to any interpretation one might see fit to put upon it. But even if found necessary to express what it was intended to express, it is tremendously redundant. *The Ring and the Book*, for example, is an analysis of circumstantial evidence. But a lawyer—not a poet—could have done it all in about a fiftieth part, not to say a hundredth part, of the space. And so with all of the longer poems, which are simply demands upon our time which cannot, in justice to any other claims upon us, be considered. Mr. Morgan, while willing to leave Mr. Browning's right to a Society open to the verdict of the centuries to come, does well,

in my opinion, in holding the Shakespeare society down to a working in the material in which Shakespeare worked.

Says the *Evening Journal* (July 5th) of Chicago—the city whence Browning told Mr. Depew came the deepest appreciation of his poetry—in an editorial entitled “The Browning Society Fad”:

“One of the most trenchant vivisections of a popular literary craze that has lately appeared is from the pen of Appleton Morgan, President of the New York Shakespeare Society. ‘The death of Robert Browning,’ Mr. Morgan observes, ‘terminated one of the most wonderful and unprecedented spectacles in literature,—that of a poet writing poetry, and the simultaneous organization on two continents of learned societies to comprehend that poetry as fast as it was written.’ Ludicrous as this statement appears when presented to the understanding, every one must acknowledge that it is nothing more than a bald and literal statement of fact. Shakespearian societies exist to-day in abundance, but no such thing was known or thought of in Shakespeare’s own time. Why and wherefore? Simply because there was no doubt as to the meaning of what Shakespeare wrote; whereas Browning societies are formed expressly to study ‘the particular expression, fashion, method, and form, or neglect of form. In this poet, as in no other, nouns are situated at long distances from their predicates, and verbs, adverbs, pronouns, prepositions, and other parts of speech are understood from their absence, or are to be guessed at from the tumultuous context.’ And, after the proper construction of the involved and elliptical sentences has been settled, and their meaning approximately ascertained, what then? The subject-matter of Browning’s poetry, Mr. Morgan holds, concerns itself only with the ‘ordinary humanities with which all poetry deals,—the loveliness of virtue, the deadliness of vice, etc.; matters which are pretty well settled by this time, and to which all further testimony or illustration is simply cumulative.’ Consequently, if there were no obscurity in Browning’s method of writing, there would be no occasion for the formation of Browning societies; the work of such societies being ‘not to study something or other that was said, but to find out if that something or other is there.’ In a word, Browning societies are strictly ‘adult parsing societies for the working out of literary conundrums, puzzles, and rebuses.’ On the other hand, Shakespeare societies are formed to obtain new light concerning ‘the Elizabethan age and customs in which and among which Shakespeare lived and wrote; an age in which those modern institutions which we prize most—art, manners, letters, society, jurisprudence, the common law—were springing into birth.’ By holding the mirror up to nature, Shakespeare embodied in his plays a photograph of the world as it existed around him,—the good and the bad, the coarse and the vulgar, the refined and the beautiful. And when these plays are properly reproduced upon a stage, with scenic accompaniments, we have the finished picture. Being a poet and a dramatist of a high order of genius, he not only faithfully reproduced the features of his own age, but gave us at the same time the essential features and characteristics of human nature in all ages. Shakespeare made a thoroughly scientific

use of his imagination; Browning did not. The twenty-second century man, looking back to this age to discover its principal and salient features, will find, Mr. Morgan thinks, a better picture of the time in the 'Mulligan' plays of Mr. Harrigan, of New York, which photograph the various phases of life in that city, than in the writings of Browning. Anything which survives its own century must have something of the practical and scientific about it. The didactic and transcendental alone can never become perennial and immortal. Shakespeare societies are really antiquarian societies; Browning societies are nothing more than a literary 'fad.' The foregoing outline of thought will give the reader an inkling of the ground traversed in this masterly analysis, and also a few of the points discussed. Mr. Morgan's work is thoroughly and genially done; and the conclusions reached commend themselves to the reader's understanding."

The *New York Tribune* says:

"The paper is a defence of Shakespeare societies,—which does not appear to have been seriously demanded,—and an incidental attack on the Browning societies,—which is apt to strike one as equally unnecessary. The following, moreover, is not the best possible line of defence for Shakespeare societies: 'Because Shakespeare held the mirror up to the nature which environed him; because he became the chronicler of those manners, societies, and civilizations of his Elizabethan day which were the germs of our own, it is worth while to organize societies to study him in every aspect and from every point of view.' This is rather a low view. Shakespeare was 'not for an age, but for all time.' He deserves study far less because he instructs us on the minor details of his time than because he knew human nature better than any man before or after him; and because his writings are a great magazine of wit and wisdom and poetry,—the deepest truths expressed in the noblest language. If Mr. Morgan had taken that position he would have been unassailable."

Dr. Rolfe (in *The Critic*, June 6th) says:

"The 'society' is the Shakespeare society, and the 'fad' is the Browning society. The existence of the former is justified on the ground that it is 'productive of real benefit, because its purpose is to study the matter (the material) in which Shakespeare deals;' the latter is a 'fad,' and therefore 'tolerable and not to be endured,' because it is got up merely to study 'the method and form' of the poet. Mr. Morgan does not deny that Browning may be a great poet, but takes him and his poetry as illustrations of a literary crochet of the day,—the formation of societies to analyze and criticise the works of a writer of our own time. Mr. Morgan is president of a Shakespeare society. As I happen to be president of a Browning society—an honor that has been lately thrust upon me—it is hardly necessary to say that I cannot fully agree with what he says of such associations. Even if, as he interprets Dr. Furnivall, the founder of the English Browning society, as saying, they are organized because the poet 'was in danger of being neglected,' or

because 'people could not readily ascertain whether there was anything in him to study,' they would not have been formed in vain. If they have accomplished nothing else, they certainly have helped to make Browning more widely known and better known than he might otherwise have been; and if, as Mr. Morgan himself does not deny, Browning is worth knowing, this is labor well bestowed. I do not see that it differs essentially from that of a Shakespeare society.

The *Catholic World* says:

"Mr. Morgan makes prominent the distinction he perceives between the *raison d'être* of the Shakespeare Society and the Browning Society. Mr. Morgan has some true things to say concerning the student of Mr. Browning who 'goes at him with pick and spade, just as a twenty-second century grammarian might do,' but who ought to be aware that in doing so he 'should not expect the yield he unearths to be any secret of his own century,—anything not already his own property in common with Browning himself. The student of Shakespeare,' he adds, is not bent, like the Browning 'faddist,' on a mere study of expression, but is 'an antiquarian who has limited his researches to the age in which the modern institutions we prize most—art, manners, letters, society, the common law which protects all these—were all springing to birth; of which institutions William Shakespeare epitomized the very life, fibre, being.' Mr. Morgan holds that Shakespeare, having put his meaning into perfectly intelligible words, and his meaning having endeared and commended itself to successive generations, it is his *entourage* which needs study, and which gains it because of his already secure hold on the human heart. His opinion of Browning, as may be surmised, is not so flattering, but we incline to believe it not less just."

Says the *Commercial Advertiser*:

"Mr. Morgan wants the public to distinguish between the Shakespeare Society and the Browning clubs. He calls these two classes of clubs—respectively: the Society and the 'Fad.' He says:

"'Because Shakespeare held the mirror up to the nature which environed him; because he became the chronicler of those manners, societies, and civilizations of his Elizabethan day, which were the germs of our own, it is worth while to organize societies to study him in every aspect and from every point of view. The Shelley Society and the Browning Society, on the other hand, has and will have only the form, the expression, and the moral of its poet to investigate and debate.' In other words, this is Mr. Morgan's argument in a nutshell. To study Shakespeare is to study a combination. To study Browning or Shelley is to study an individual man. Both studies may be valuable, but the first alone requires organized coöperation."

Says the *Boston Herald*:

"Mr. Morgan calls the Browning and Ibsen societies the 'fads' of young ladies and dilettante men who make claims for these two writers as the only really dramatic authors of this century, and

who ignore the work of Shakespeare as something that has substantially passed away. The rebuke which Mr. Morgan gives to the Browning societies is not undeserved. They have helped many people to gush over an author whom they could not understand, but it is to be feared that they have done little to deepen and increase the study of literature. Mr. Morgan has severely rapped the societies which attempt to put Browning and Ibsen in the place of Shakespeare, and those who are acquainted with the nonsense that has been poured forth at the Browning societies as evidences of a new cultus will feel that the treatment is richly deserved."

Says the *Sun* (New York):

"The 'society' in the title refers to the club, and the English slang word refers to the Browning, Ibsen, and Tolstoi ideas and to ideas similar. Mr. Morgan founds a sensible and interesting address upon a text furnished by a sentence from a young ladies' magazine, namely: 'Browning and Ibsen are the only really dramatic authors of their century. The allegation in the young ladies' magazine is full of opportunities for the commentator with a sense of humor, and Mr. Morgan has lots of fun with it.'"

The *Independent* says:

"The 'fad' in this case is Mr. Browning's poetry, which receives in this little brochure, by the president of the New York Shakespeare Society, a well-merited castigation, not as poetry, but as a 'fad.' Mr. Morgan draws clearly the distinction between work done by Shakespeare societies and the Browning clubs. It is to be hoped that he will have a hearing."

Says the *Englewood Times*:

"Mr. Morgan is a careful writer. In the little book before us the treatment of the subject is dispassionate and logical. The comparison drawn throughout this monograph is between Shakespeare and Browning, the subject matter being largely based on the Browning and Shakespearian societies, and how they came to exist. A pleasant half-hour or more may be spent over the book, and some useful information be derived from it. We agree with Mr. Morgan in his conclusion: 'It is because Shakespeare is the poet of the true and the living, rather than of the didactic and the transcendental, that he is perennial and immortal.'"

Mr. C. W. Bardeen, President of the Syracuse Browning Society, says:

"I have, at different times, been a member of two Shakespeare societies, and of the London and of the Syracuse Browning Clubs. There are several reasons why the latter seem to me the more profitable: (1) There is a library of commentary upon Shakespeare so ample and so competent that its study is pretty sure to be worth more in every way than a comparison of the views of amateurs. So far, comparatively little helpful criticism of Browning has been issued in book form, and most of that little originated in Browning societies. (2) Shakespeare was indifferent to chronology and geography, so that

his backgrounds require little study. Browning's backgrounds are so luxurious and so true to detail, that an understanding of every point is of importance. This requires an amount of labor that is most likely to be accomplished when divided among the members of a club. This one, who is a traveller, will give a vivid description of the place; that one will sum up the history of the period; another will tell of local customs referred to; and so on. Browning bears this close study wonderfully well, as, for instance, in *Paracelsus*. There are few readers with time or opportunity to look up individually all the features that a club can, in this way, develop without too much burden upon any single one. (3) Browning deals with modern problems: not merely with the universals of Shakespeare, but with the special questions of our day, from hypnotism to divorce, from a chord in music or a mode in painting to agnosticism. Hence there is a liveliness and warmth of discussion in a Browning club hardly possible in a Shakespeare society. In my own experience, I have heard little of the verbal interpretation and grammatical quibbling that are sometimes supposed to make up the proceedings of a Browning club. The form has usually seemed simple enough, but the meaning has often proved startling, especially when discussion became eager enough for members to forget the usual veil of self-reserve, and apply the thoughts of Browning to their own experiences."

EDITORS SHAKESPEARIANA.—The final word for which you ask me, in kindly handing in the above in proof, shall be a short one.

Your contributors, I think, incline rather to a discussion of Mr. Browning's merits as a poet than of the question I asked. That question was not, "Is Mr. Browning a Poet?" but, "Is it worth while, at present, to organize societies to study Mr. Browning's poetry?" I submit that the proper way to answer this question is to examine the work of the Browning societies,—the matter which these societies themselves print, circulate, and call attention to. This matter is accessible in numberless pamphlets, papers, and bound volumes; and at least one Browning society, in a neighboring city, perpetuates its proceedings in a monthly publication. It certainly seems to me that the question I asked is capable of being answered by a simple examination of all this matter—without *animus*, and without disturbing the achievements or reputation of Mr. Browning himself.

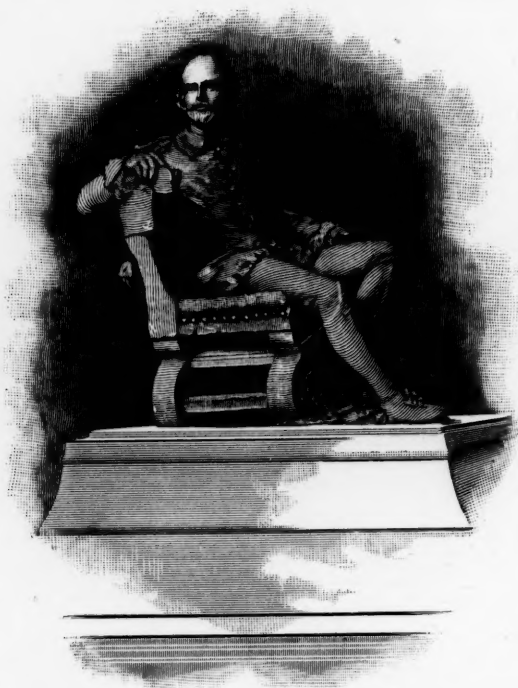
APPLETON MORGAN.

It is proposed to honor the memory of Shakespeare by erecting a beautiful theatre in Chicago, which will be almost a counterpart of the memorial theatre designed by Mr. Flower, at Stratford, and, like that, to be called The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. The memorial hall, it is intended, shall contain a library of Shakespearian literature, embracing many rare copies and reprints of early editions of the poet's works, now in the hands of American collectors; a gallery of pictures, engravings, and statuary; and a chamber devoted to a collection of the costumes,

armor, implements of warfare, heraldic devices, souvenirs, costumes and stage appurtenances of famous Shakespearian players ; besides such other memorabilia of the dramatist or the Shakespearian stage which the theatre might be fortunate enough to secure. The project is the conception of Mr. John Stapleton, the well-known stage manager ; and his plans, which include the maintenance of a permanent stock company of the highest class, seem to have met with enthusiastic approval. Mr. Stapleton writes us that about \$150,000 was pledged at the initial meeting held to consider his plan, which emboldens him to launch the venture formally.

CHICAGO'S STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE LATE Samuel Johnstcn, of Chicago, who died in October, 1886, left by will the sum of \$10,000 for a bronze statue of Shakespeare, to be placed in Lincoln Park, Chicago. The committee entrusted with the



selection of a design have finally decided upon that presented by Mr. W. O. Partridge (an engraving of which is printed upon another page), which has received the unqualified praise of Dr. William J. Rolfe, Appleton

Morgan, Esq., Mr. Thomas Davidson, and other gentlemen whose studies have rendered their verdicts of value in such matters. Dr. Rolfe writes:

"CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 17, 1890.

"MY DEAR PARTRIDGE:—The entrance of other callers at your studio yesterday prevented my telling you how thoroughly I liked your Shakespearian model. I have seen no "counterfeit presentment" of him either in painting or sculpture that comes so nearly up to my conception of the man as well as the poet, and I am more and more interested in the study of the man. He is perhaps the most impersonal of authors, but we nevertheless get many glimpses of 'the man' in 'the book.'

"One thing that particularly impresses me is his eminently practical turn of mind. He knew how to make and invest money, and yet I see no evidence that he was actually sordid, as Grant White tries to make him out. That when he was writing *Lear* or *Othello* he should be suing a neighbor for a debt of £1 15s. 10d. need not jar upon our feelings. The man may have been a shameless rogue, of whom he felt it his duty to make an example. That the poet should have been engaged in such business at all does not trouble me in the least. He was none the less a poet because he lived in the actual as well as the ideal world. His nature was broad enough for both. It is the small poetaster who affects contempt or inaptitude for the common prosaic duties and responsibilities. Shakespeare was evidently one of the most genial of men,—a gentleman in the true sense of the term. What a friend he must have been! What pictures of manly friendship he gives us in the plays, to say nothing of the sonnets, if the latter are, as I believe, autobiographical, and, not mere exercises of fancy as some regard them. The delineations of the friendship of Antonio and Bassanio, Brutus and Cassius, Hamlet and Horatio, and the like are not surpassed by any of his pictures of the love of man and woman.

"You do well in bringing Shakespeare down, as it were, among his common brotherhood of men, with whom, I believe, he had the deepest and broadest sympathies; and this, no less than his practical character, should commend him and your attempt to embody him as he was to our Western friends. It is significant, too, in a way that your statue looks well from every point of view. Shakespeare was no one-sided man; from whatever point we look at him he was a 'gracious figure.' I believe that those who best know and appreciate him will be best satisfied with your work; and I shall be surprised if it is excelled by any of your rivals in the Chicago competition. Cordially yours, as ever,

"W. J. ROLFE."

Mr. Partridge, the artist, was born in Paris but twenty-eight years ago. His father was an amateur artist, and John Rodgers, who has an established reputation as a sculptor, is a cousin. Entering Columbia College in New York City, Mr. Partridge was compelled by ill-health, a year or two later, to drop his studies and go to Europe in search of

strength and recreation. At Florence he made the acquaintance of Galli, and studied with him for a time. Returning to America, he made his début in a Shakespearian rôle at Wallack's Theatre in 1884. He spent one year on the stage, but in 1885 returned to Rome and the study of his chosen art, and spent two years with Pio Welonski, the great Polish sculptor. Again reaching his adopted home, Boston, he began his career with the prestige of careful and thorough preparation. The young artist has been compelled to earn in other ways the money necessary to complete his studies. He was connected with the recent Concord School of Philosophy as a lecturer, and as a reader of Keats and Shelley he has appeared in Chicago and other American cities.

"All the literary work and all of the study of my life have led up to the conception and execution of this Shakespearian statue," says Mr. Partridge. "My stage experience and my intellectual associations with Shakespearian scholars have gradually given me a grasp of the artistic conception of my subject. This Shakespeare has been in my mind for years. I have turned it about from point to point, completing or changing its details one by one. It is the work of my life."

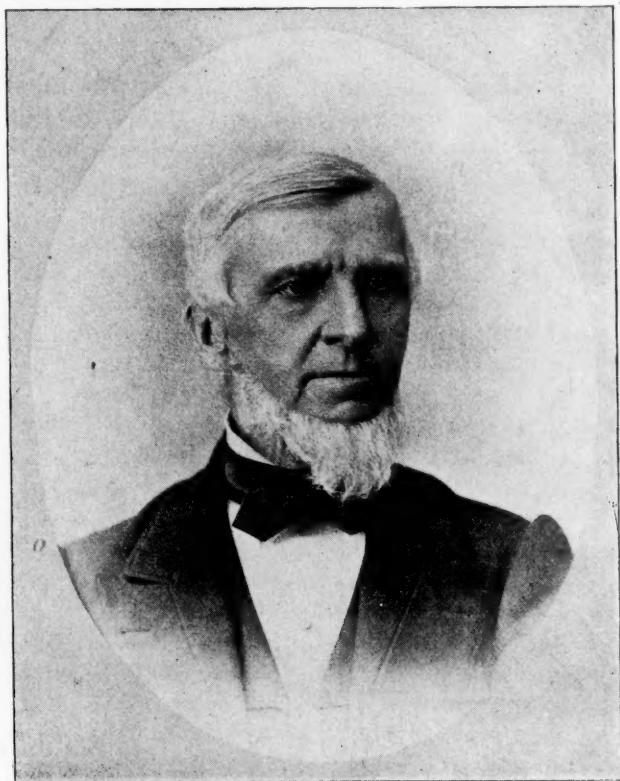
The figure of Shakespeare, apart from the pedestal of Mr. Partridge's work, is about seven and one-half feet high. The poet is represented seated in an Elizabethan chair, in the dress usually assigned to him. The entire simplicity of the pose is striking. He is in the play-room, and has just turned his head as if about to speak to one of his staff. One hand, resting upon the back of the chair, holds the play-book; the other is carelessly placed upon the left knee. The face is benignant, yet dignified. Mr. Partridge has not clung too tenaciously to any one of the various engraved portraits, between which there is such disparity, but has followed the general type through all. The most striking difference from other statues of Shakespeare is in the pose of the head, which is usually sunken, as in contemplation.

SHAKESPEARE'S AMERICAN EDITORS.

VI.—HENRY NORMAN HUDSON.

HENRY NORMAN HUDSON was born in Cornwall, Vermont, January 28th, 1814. As the son of a farmer he had no advantages of higher education beyond those at reach on the farm. In his eighteenth year he was bound out to learn the trade of coachmaking, and, though he served his three years' apprenticeship faithfully, it was apparent that his appetite for books was fast leading him beyond the workman's bench. He had the privilege of using extra hours to earn additional wages, and the money thus earned was spent at the village bookstore, the bookstore of a

university town, in purchasing works of an unusually solid character. The first book that took hold of him was Abercrombie on *The Intellectual Powers*. Then came *Butler's Analogy*, *Plutarch's Lives*, *Milton*, and books of that character. He never read novels. He determined to obtain a collegiate education, and accordingly he fitted himself to enter the freshman class in Middlebury College, where he graduated in 1840, and was a classmate of Hon. Edward J. Phelps, late American Minister to England, and of John G. Saxe, the poet. Dr. Hudson first taught school



HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, D.D., LL.D.

in Kentucky and Alabama, and during these early years prepared a series of lectures on Shakespeare, which showed ripeness of thought and mastery of language. In 1844 Mr. Hudson came to Boston, and immediately began lecturing upon his favorite subject. He became intimate with many leaders in literary society, and his acquaintance with Dr. William Croswell, rector of the Church of the Advent, led to his admittance to the diaconate in the Episcopal Church in 1849. He was still more or less engaged in literary pursuits, and in 1852 became and con-

tinued for nearly three years the editor of *The Churchman*, a weekly religious journal then published in New York. Subsequently he originated the *Church Monthly*, which he edited a year or two. His only parochial charge had been that of St. Michael's Church at Litchfield, Connecticut, assumed in 1858 and retained until 1860. It was in 1851 that his first edition of *Shakespeare's Plays* appeared; and this, properly speaking, was the first time the poet's text had been edited in this country. For three years during the war Mr. Hudson served as chaplain in the regiment of the New York Volunteer Engineers. In this period he was put under arrest, and in consequence of that afterward published a pamphlet entitled *A Chaplain's Campaign with General Butler*, in which he was very severe upon the general. For a few months he was editor of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*. In 1870 Ginn & Heath, as his publishers, brought out his *School Shakespeare* in three volumes. In 1872 he put forth *Shakespeare's Life, Art, and Characters*, and later on a volume of sermons. The *Text-Book of Poetry* was his next publication, and then he set to work upon a text-book of English prose. In 1877 the *Classical English Reader* was issued. From 1865 he resided principally in Cambridge, frequently officiating in parish churches on Sundays, but principally devoting himself to the teaching of Shakespeare and and other English authors in Boston and the immediate neighborhood. He was for a long time a lecturer on English literature at the Boston University. A few years ago he received the degree of LL.D. from Middlebury College. Personally Mr. Hudson was said to be a man of marked peculiarities. He cared little for the opinions of others where they were at variance with his own, and would not have been troubled if he had had to stand against the world. He had the courage of his convictions almost more than any other man of his time. In appearance he was thought to resemble Carlyle. His life work had been primarily the study of the one great subject of Shakespeare, and his English text-books were a vigorous protest "against putting young students through a course of mere nibbles and snatches from a multitude of authors, where they cannot stay long enough with any one to develop any real taste for him or derive any solid benefit from him." The perfected fruit of his long, loving, and laborious study was *The Harvard Shakespeare*, of whose system and merits SHAKESPEARIANA printed a careful examination in its series of papers, "What Edition of Shakespeare Shall I Buy?"*

Dr. Hudson died at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 17th, 1886, aged seventy-two years. Had we written his epitaph, we should have used his own words: "I have had much the same life in the society of Shakespeare's characters as in that of any breathing fellow-creatures, with this addition, that I know sickness cannot wither their bloom, nor death make spoil of their sweetness."

* Volume VI.

THE WEIRD SISTERS IN MACBETH.

IT SEEMS to me that Shakespeare knew more of the three weird sisters than is mentioned in Holinshed's story of *Macbeth*, and that he must have heard of the Norse legends. The Northern "Tales" were beautiful, adorned with attributes of respect paid by early Teutonic races to women, and chiefly to "wise women." Shakespeare's were not, because of the other elements that mingled in his conception; but they were superior to any ordinary idea of "witch;" dignified, powerful, sharing a somewhat spiritual nature. Another fact, unnoticed heretofore, so far as I know, in its possible connection with these witches, is that King James (to whom it is generally inferred that the play of *Macbeth* was intended as a compliment) had published in Edinburgh, in 1597, a book on "Dæmonologie," and a reprint had been made in England in 1603. A book written by a King was not such a commonplace and unimportant event in those days that it should pass unnoticed, especially by Shakespeare the Wise, when preparing a drama in the royal author's honor. Fresh from recreating *Hamlet* with its historical and objective ghost, Shakespeare would read the King's book all the more critically and carefully. Whether he took the place of "Philomathes" or not in the royal dialogue (like his own Harry Hotspur), the Royal Reasoner, as Epistemon, was able to prove clearly to him, quoting Scripture for his text, "that there *were* necromancers, witches, ghosts, spirits, and devils, in spite of Scot, the Englishman, who had denied them, or Wierus, the German physician, who had excused them." Shakespeare absorbed it all to fit into his conception of the superstitious time and place and people he was painting. He had read in Holinshed that King Duffe's life had wasted away, as his waxen image melted before the witches' fire, in a manner that King James lucidly explains. This is discovered and stopped; King Duffe recovered, and destroyed alike witches and all leagued traitors, and rested in the Castle of Forres, where Donewold murdered him, as Shakespeare makes Macbeth murder Duncan. The only trace that the witch episode had passed through his head is the phrase commencing,

"I will drain him dry as hay."

(Act I., Sc. iii.)

King James had said that such evil practices as dealing with Satan were generally begun for "curiosity, revenge, or greed of gear." Revenge appears in a malignant form in the passage,

"A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap."

(Act I., Sc. iii.)

Had these been "tempted by curiosity, revenge, or greed of gear," to tamper with Macbeth? They ask no reward of him; he gives them no good words. Holinshed says: "At the beginning of his reign Mac-

beth did many worthie acts; . . . but afterwards, *by illusion of the devil*, he defamed the same." King James divides sorcerers into two classes: 1st, necromancers or magicians, tempted by curiosity of knowing, who had great power, being able to *command Satan*; 2d, witches, of inferior power and desires, who *served Satan*. The witches of *Macbeth* are a generalized idea of both. They are powerful, they are fearless, but they "have masters." King James continues (Book I., Chap. v., page 15): "None can studie and put in practice . . . the cirkles and art of Magic, without committing a horrible defection from God, . . . contained in such bookes which I call the Deville's Schoole: There are four principal parts,—the persons of the conjurers, the action of the conjuration, the words and rites used to that effect, and the spirits that are so conjured. . . There are likewise certaine seasons, dayes, and hours that they observe in this purpose." In his Book II. he says: "There are 20 women concerned to one man. Because that she is frailer than man is, and the Devil, ever since he tempted Eve, has been homelier with them." He describes them as ugly and old, and Shakespeare follows the King's as well as the popular delusion regarding them. "So withered and so wild in their attire." . . . "Filthy ways," etc., etc. The introduction of Hecate has been accounted for by the romantic nature of Shakespeare's genius (I cannot now enter into the discussion regarding the date of Middleton's "Witch," and its effect in modifying Shakespeare); but if he had intended the first group to represent the inhabitants of the eldern world, and from classic tales studied the attributes of the Parcae, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, he would find that "to these were often added a fourth, called Proserpina, Diana, or Hecate,—Diva Triformis" (see *Lempriere's Mythological Dictionary*). And in this book of *Dæmonologie* James gives us the various kinds of spirits, and says: "That fourthe kind of spirites, which by the Gentiles was called Diana and her wandering court, and amongst us are called Phairie." Here, therefore, we come upon the associated idea that leads to the connection. Diana Triformis, as Hecate, is able to mingle congruously with those others. Whether Scene v. of Act III. is authentic or not (and we cannot feel it to be so), Act IV., Scene i., 39, in which she appears, is certainly written by Shakespeare. It harmonizes well with this suggestion that she should say,

"Like elves and fairies in a ring."

That the word "witch" applied to the three sisters was, even in stage directions, only used because of the poverty of the language, is shown by the stage direction, "Enter Hecate to the *other three witches*." For neither in king-lore nor in folk-lore would Hecate have been called a "witch." Dr. Simon Forman, in 1610, in describing the play of *Macbeth* as it appeared to him, says: "There stood before them three women, fairies or nymphes." He does not call them "witches," though in the

latter part of the play they are given some of the attributes of witches. In noticing this we must not forget Holinshed's clear distinction, that the first vision was of the "weird sisters," and that it was afterwards that, not seeing them, Macbeth sought for "wizzards" and "witches."

In regard to the other supernatural element in the play, we find no suggestion in Holinshed, except of the effects on nature of the murder of King Duffe by Donewold; carried also, with the bulk of that story, into the life of Macbeth. But King James had described the four different kind of spirits that trouble men or women: the first kind of them being called spectra, or umbra mortuorum, haunting houses or solitary places; the second, spirits that follow certain people, and at divers hours trouble them; the third, where they enter within them and possess them. Holinshed goes on to say: "If they have assumed a dead bodie whereinto they lodge themselves, they can easily enough open without dinne any doore or window, and enter thereat. And if they enter as a sprite only, any place where the aire may come in at is large enough for an entry for them, for as I said before, a sprite can occupy no quantitie" (page 59). Where they appear, they are called wraithes in our own language, "either to forewarn them, or to discover to them the will of the defunct, or what was the way of his slaughter, as it is written in the booke of the 'Histories Prodigious.'" Was the dead Banquo, "shaking his gory locks," one of those real fleshly dæmons sent by the "Wierd Sister of the Past" or Present? Or was it driven to the banquet-hall by the devil himself, to cause despair in Macbeth? King James might well think so if he pleased, looking at the play, and remembering what he himself had written.

What does Shakespeare think?

It is grand to see how lordly he sits, free from any encumbering belief in the subjects. The universal poet must speak of all things in heaven and earth, but it is as a dramatist and psychologist he speaks, and not as a believer. Sometimes proofs given us to support our own opinions make us doubt them.

Certainly the objective ghost in *Hamlet* becomes a very subjective ghost in *Macbeth*. Only the imaginative characters, Macbeth and Banquo, see the "weird sisters;" not their followers, not Lennox. Only the most imaginative character, in his highest state of excitement, sees visions and hears voices. Macbeth, with nerves overstrained, before the murder of Duncan sees the dagger; and after it, struck by remorse, hears the voice. His conscience was hardened in crime before he resolved to murder Banquo. There are no hesitations, no dagger-visions seen before the deed; but, after the act, conscience woke in remorse. And so Lady Macbeth, who had not seen the witches or heard the murderous message, sees nothing supernatural until her own mind is gone. But neither warning visions nor remorseful ghosts rise to Macbeth's soul after he has

killed his conscience, not even the ghosts of Macduff's wife and babes. The subjectiveness of the ghost is in keeping with the nature of the "temptation" given Macbeth by the "weird sisters." They suggest no action; yet the prophecy that he should be King defines the course of his energies. He starts at the name of "King." It is no new thought that he should supplant Duncan.

Meditation develops situations. He yields to that suggestion whose horrid image came not through "supernatural soliciting," nor through the "natural soliciting" of his wife, moved by ambitions and family feuds.

However much Shakespeare has wronged the Macbeth of history, the Macbeth in the play chooses his own path and "drees his ain weird;" and, too late, learns to "doubt the equivocation of the friend that lied like truth." King James says: "I think it as possible that the Devil may prophesy to them when he *deceives their imaginations* in that sort, as well as when he plainly speakes unto them at other tymes for their prophesying." The supernatural element is not an excrescence in this play; but a part of the natural development of an energetic, passionate, imaginative, credulous, self-centred man, whose only conscience was formed from the "golden opinions" of others; whose faith was of the earth, earthly; and who was willing to "jump the life to come" in the pursuit of his blinding desire.

CHARLOTTE STOPES.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

By courtesy of Ernest E. Baker, Esq., of Weston-super-Mare, we are permitted to print the following letter and postscript (suppressing only proper names) received by Mr. Baker's uncle, the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, shortly before his lamented death:

"NOVEMBER 21, 1888.

"DEAR SIR:—I have found parts 30 and 31 of the manuscript to which I have previously alluded. You shall have them for perusal, as they contain partial reports of conversations which Shakespeare has had with his spirit contemporaries. One of these contains notes of the observations he made the first time he came to see me. These little records will show you what a remarkable being he is,—so quick and ready and clever in debate, a match for any and every one. He is, moreover, an embodiment of humour and wit. When you meet him in the spirit state, you will be delighted with him. Of course you will form your own opinion of him after reading the brief things recorded. I have collected thirty-two of his new glees. These you will also see. It is of no further use to rummage amongst the records of the past for memorials of Shakespeare. He can be communicated with *in propria persona*. Please accept my

thanks for the ancient manuscript. "Hypnotism" is a term used to explain similar phenomena.

"You may expect to receive the parts in course of a post or two. Hoping your health is better,

"I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, * * * *

"P. S.—Relative to the personal appearance of Shakespeare and others, when I wrote to you the other day I was quoting from memory, not having the manuscript before me. I was not quite correct in the stature; both Mr. and Mrs. Shakespeare are one inch less than I had stated."

A correspondent writes: Will you be kind enough to explain to one of your subscribers how Claudius came to be King of Denmark? Should not Hamlet, according to the natural order of heredity, have become King upon the death of his father?

L. W. CURRY.

Shakespeare was more or less careless of these minor points of strict construction,—quite as careless as is the stage of the present day, where, to tell a story in the regulation time of an hour or two hours, the villain is convicted of his crime and carried off to be punished, without any formality of indictment, arraignment, trial, judgment, or sentence. Of course we cannot, as the Chinese are said to do, attend a play nightly for a year or so. The story is a transcript of the result, not a chronicle. So whatever law matters are involved in *Hamlet* are, of course, English, the only law which Shakespeare knew. He only borrowed the story from Denmark; he did not necessarily take the Danish Code along with the story.

See Morgan's *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism* (p. 95): "It is to be remembered that Hamlet is an Englishman, and the Denmark in which he moves is an English court, ruled by an absolute monarch of the Tudor class, Claudius. No amount of scenic or other realism will enable us to confess a further obligation to Denmark than for a very limited stock of allusion and nomenclature. There certainly is neither habitude, cast of thought, method, or custom that can be called Danish, or that suggests itself as characteristic of Denmark's warlike, simple, sturdy, and unphilosophic inhabitants. . . . The succession from Claudius is stated in unmistakable terms of English law, . . . an exact statement of the result, by Anglo-Saxon tenure," etc., etc.

Under these circumstances, of course, Claudius was not King *de jure*. He was (English law again) really *Prince Consort*, as was Albert, the late husband of Queen Victoria. But, to the general, the relationship made the Queen's husband a *King*. And we find the reign of Queen Mary, Elizabeth's predecessor, quite as often called, even in the learned histories, the reign of Philip and Mary. Perhaps Claudius was King of Denmark just as much and just as little as Philip had been King of England, in the years 1554-1558, after his marriage with Queen Mary.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(77) **SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.** Edited, with notes and introduction, by Thomas Tyler, M. A., of the University of London. With portraits of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, of his mother Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and Mrs. Mary Fylton. London: David Nutt. New York: Scribner & Welford. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 316.

(78) **FACT, FANCY AND FABLE.** A new handbook for ready reference on subjects commonly omitted from Cyclopedias,—comprising personal sobriquets, familiar phases, popular appellations, technical terms, political slang, etc. Compiled by Frederick Henry Reddall. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 8vo, half roan, pp. 536.

(81) **LIBRARY NOTES.** By A. P. Russell. Ninth edition. Revised and enlarged. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 362.

(82) **CHARACTERISTICS: SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.** By A. P. Russell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 362.

(83) **A CLUB OF ONE.** Passages from the note-book of a man who might have been sociable. Overheard by A. P. Russell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 328.

(84) **IN A CLUB CORNER.** The monologue of a man who might have been sociable, with marginal summary by the editor. By A. P. Russell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 249.

(85) **ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND.** From "A Description of England," by William Harrison (in *Holinshed's Chronicles*). Edited by Lothrop-Withington, with introduction by F. J. Furnivall, LL.D. 16mo, cloth, pp. 274. London: Walter Scott.

(86) **A VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.** Edited by Horace H. Furness. Vol. VIII., *As You Like It*. Royal 8vo, cloth, pp. 452. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.

(88) **THE MINERVA LIBRARY.** Edited by G. T. Bettany, B. S. **COMEDIES BY MOLIÈRE.** A new translation by Charles Matthew, M. A. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 530. New York: Ward, Lock & Co.

(92) **SOCIETY IN THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.** By Hubert Hall, F. S. A., of H. M. Public Record Office. With eight colored plates. Revised and enlarged. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 305.

(2) **HERMES STELLA,** or notes and jottings upon the Bacon Cipher. By W. F. C. Wigston, author of "A New Study of Shakespeare," "Bacon, Shakespeare and the Roscicrucians." London: George Redway. 8vo, cloth, pp. 184.

(3) **BROWNING'S WOMEN.** By Mary E. Burt, with an introduction by Edward Everett Hale, D.D., LL.D. 16mo, cloth, pp. 225. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

(4) **CÆSAR'S COLUMN.** A story of the Twentieth Century. By Edmund Boisguilbert, M. D. Third edition. Paper, 12mo, pp. 366. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.

(5) **SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CÆSAR.** With an introduction and notes. By K. Deighton, Fellow of the Universities of Calcutta and Allahabad. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 184. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

(6) **THE ENGLISH NOVEL IN THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE.** By J. J. Jusserand. From the French, by Elizabeth Lee. Revised and enlarged by the author. Illustrated. Cloth, 8vo, pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(7) **CHURCH AND STATE UNDER THE TUDORS.** By Gilbert W. Child, M. A., Exeter College, Oxon. 8vo, pp. 429. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

(8) **THE MEMORIAL THEATRE EDITION.—CORIOLANUS,** a Tragedy, by William Shakespeare. Edited by C. E. Flower. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 101. London: S. French.

(9) **THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU, 1890.** By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F. R. S. Cloth, square 12mo, pp. 120. London: William Heinemann.

(10) **THE MERMAID SERIES.** Edited by Havelock Ellis.—**THOMAS MIDDLETON.** II. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 484. London: Vizetelli & Co.

(11) **POLY-OLBION; A CHOROGRAPHICALL DESCRIPTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.** By Michael Drayton. Part II. Reprinted in fac-simile from the Edition of 1622. Manchester: The Spenser Society. Paper, folio, pp. 235.

(12) **WILLOBY'S AVISA: "Willoby His Avisas, or the True Picture of a Modest Maid; and of a Chaste and Constant Wife."** Reprinted from the Edition of 1633. Paper, 4to, pp. 148. Manchester: The Spenser Society.

(13) **JAHRBUCH DER DEUTSCHEN SHAKESPEARE-GESELLSCHAFT: IN AUFTRAGE DES VORSTANDES.** Herausgegeben durch F. A. Leo. Fünfundzwanzigster Jahrgang.—Mit zwei zinkographischen Facsimilien. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 324. Weimar: in Kommission bei A. Henschke.

REVIEWS.

(77) The stereotype of the book reviewer, which runs to the effect that "this volume has added nothing to the world's information," cannot be employed in noticing Mr. Tyler's book on the Sonnets. He certainly brings some new essays in the valuation of evidences, if nothing besides. Moreover his book is compact in a field where we have come to look for looseness, thoughtful where we have come to look for incoherence, and plausible where we have come to expect rattle-brained conjecture, and wild, or—worse yet—kindergarten, lunacy—the field of these unspeakable sonnets.

The reader will turn at once to the chapter on Mistress Mary Fytton, "the dark lady" (?) of these sonnets, and to her picture, which accompanies it. Accepting then three theories—Mary Fitton *was* a dark lady,—a lady no better than she should be, and possibly rather worse,—a woman not beautiful, but attractive to men—maid of honor to Elizabeth—and, it seems (according to this book), herself attracted by William Shakespeare, and ultimately becoming his mistress. Possibly she was the lady Shakespeare captured from Burbadge in the well-known story about William the Conqueror's coming before Richard the Third. For a raw country lad, who lived in a mid-English Sixteenth-Century village until he was eighteen, Shakespeare seems to have speedily had London at his feet; lording it ineffably over his elders and fellows in the profession, he struts arm in arm with Southampton and Pembroke, steals their mistresses from them, intrigues with the ladies of the Court.

Mr. Tyler's book does not swallow all this, but leaves it, perhaps, for men like Gerald Massey, Heraud, Hitchcock, and Hosmer to demonstrate quite at will.

(78) Fact, Fancy, and Fable, published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., is a stout and substantially-bound royal octavo volume of reference, of whose utility and practical value we cannot speak too highly. It is a most creditable effort on Mr. Reddall's part to confine his dictionary to phrases, expressions, proverbs, and catchwords such as are not contained in other works of popular reference. It also includes much else which other works of reference do not touch at all. It is very easy to criticise by whole pages a work which aims to "supply information upon subjects usually omitted from works for ready reference" (as this title-page has it.) But glib and rapid criticism is impossible of a work like the present. Every page of it teems with numberless evidences of the compiler's care and thoroughness. Where else, for example, would we turn for explanation of "Good Enough Morgan," "Patsy Bolivar," "After us, the Deluge," "Black Friday," "Between the Devil and the Deep Sea," "White Horse of the Peppers," "Spoke in His Wheel," and a thousand others. We cannot speak too highly of this volume, or of its capacity to fill an empty niche in the general library. And we may add that the word "Dago," as applied to the lowest class of Italian laborers, is explained here, although a query as to the origin of the word as so applied—as we happen to know—stood unanswered for the better part of a year in a prominent magazine printed in a neighboring city.

By the way, will Mr. Reddall tell us how "his Nibs" originated?

(81) (82) (83) (84) Mr. A. P. Russell is our American Charles Lamb. It is impossible not to read his pages if we only let him talk to us out of them, and we read him slowly and lie back and re-read him with our eyes shut. One might almost grow poetical over Mr. Russell's books. Certainly no field of literature is gleaned until he has travelled it, and, as the traveller said of Venice, so we might say of every book of his: "Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia," with a better than Holofernes. The volumes of *Library Notes* and *Characteristics* were first issued many years ago, but are now reappearing in their ninth editions. Our obligations to Mr. Russell were already forcing us to bankruptcy when his *In a Club Corner* and *A Club of One* appear. It was apparent from his prior volumes that Mr. Russell's humor could hardly be repressed, but in these two he has allowed it full swing. But the *A Club of One* especially—the assumed diary of a hypochondriac (against which *The Life and Adventures of Mr. Jahn Buncle*—was it a model?—can hold no candle, as the saying is)—can not be done any sort of justice to in a review. To review it is only, at the most, to point it out as the most enjoyable book of its kind ever issued from an American press (and we are strenuously trying to speak within bounds). But if our readers will find room in their summer knapsacks for four volumes, we stake our editorial reputation unreservedly upon advising them to take these four along to mountain, shore, or spa, and to thank the Riverside Press for its dainty bookmaking, never more

delightfully emphasized than in this quartet. And if this advice of ours should get into print after summer is over, we may add, that, for the longest of winter evenings, Mr. Russell's books are the best company we know of. To let Mr. Russell talk to us is a liberal education.

(85) Mr. Walter Scott here reprints one of the choicest of the late New Shakespeare Society's contributions to English archæology. We still have the Furnivall "Forewords" (why not Preface or Introduction?) and his phonetics; for although that great man has "founded" some dozen or sixteen societies devoted to English grammar, he writes for his own part a grammar of his own; but, thanks to Mr. Lothrop-Withington and Mr. Scott, here is more of old Harrison than of Furnivall.

(86) Dr. Furness calls this a "New Variorum;" but we predict that it will come to be known as "The Great Variorum." It covers nothing less than everything, boiled down to hard, sensible annotation. As short a note as possible, but as long as necessary, appears to be Dr. Furness's rule, and accordingly there are foot-notes here which run to several pages, while the appended illustrative matter is precisely and exhaustively what a student must call for, and exclusive of anything he need not call for. This volume, *As You Like It*, is Dr. Furness's second volume of Shakespearian comedy in his great edition, and follows the method of its predecessor volumes. To the text of the first Folio every conjectural typography is noted, and no criticism, external, internal, æsthetic, creative, or "sign-post," is slighted. Indeed, the reader will most of all exclaim, on viewing the massed material illustrative of the great text which is here gathered, Surely this is the preserve in which future editors will quarry, and from which they will carry away to edit future Shakespeares.

(92) SOCIETY IN THE ELIZABETHAN AGE By Hubert Hall, F. S. A., which now appears in an improved form, is an indispensable addition to the Shakespearian and Elizabethan student's library. Mr. Hall's plan is, from the public records themselves, and so without theory, surmise, or predilection, to illustrate each grade of society as the landlord, the tenant, the lawyer, the courtier, the host, the official, and so forth—by some concrete example. Thus, he takes Wild Darrell for his landlord, Sir Thomas Gresham for his merchant, John Popham for his lawyer. The cultivation of the date was formative. The great landlords were in constant feud one with another. Rapacity, bribery, oppression, were rife. It was every man for himself, and *scabium extremis occupet*,—the devil take the hindmost! The courts were sustained so far as they upheld the rich, but their decrees were disregarded if they happened to do the reverse, which was a very rare occurrence. That a man held an ecclesiastical office—a bishop, a dean, or a vicar—meant nothing except a little extra capacity to plunder. The lot of the poor tenant was not indeed a happy one. The feudal laws were breaking up, and while this was in his favor, the fact was that he got pounded on all sides by the fragments. The only difference between the courtier and the judge, lawyer, bishop, or great franklin, was that he preferred to take his bribes in the shape of real estate, while the others absorbed theirs in cash. The operator was there too, and Sir Thomas Gresham cheated the government out of thousands of pounds, and although the government accountant exposed him, he had influence enough to get his accounts passed. There was no legal rate of interest, and everybody took what he could get, and used the bailiffs and the debtors' prisons, and the well-named "spunging houses," to help him extort the uttermost farthing. When an army was to be raised, the gallant soldier was there with his job. The lord war-treasurer of Ireland extorted everything, even the clothes off the soldiers' backs. If the student supposes that these were good old times, and that their own times are the only ones when offense's gilded hand shoves by justice, and the guilty prize buys out the law, let him read this volume. It is an indispensable volume in a Shakespearian library.

(66) Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. add to their well-known and indispensable "Minerva Library" a capital translation of the works of Moliere, the French Shakespeare. This edition is now the most convenient form in which these famous plays can be procured in English translation.

(2) Mr. Wigston we have introduced before as a gentleman who believes that knowledge was the exclusive property of the dark ages (the darker the better), and that all progress in science since discovered is but a delusion and a snare. His handsome volume, published by Redway, begins with a frontispiece, which contains a fac-simile of the various head-pieces and tail-pieces, and other printers' ornaments, of certain books of Francis Bacon. This frontispiece is entitled "*Secret Marks from*" Lord Bacon's Works. These "Secret Marks," coupled with many cheerful facts,

such as that Shakespeare died in his fifty-third year, and that the word "Bacon" always occurs in the First Folio upon page 52 or 53, mean a great many Roscicrucian things indeed. From this we may learn—as Mr. Barlow would say—that when we know the age of Mr. Wigston at his death (which may the gods avert!), we may be able to read his books, of which this is the third and the shortest, being only 182 pages.

(4) Those who are curious of what our posterity may do and say, but most of all those who seriously ponder as to what resultant the visible tendencies of our own century may arrive at, should neglect to read none of these works. Except that the principles of the Prohibition party seem to have disappeared, we may, according to these works, which deal mostly with the twenty-second and the twenty-third centuries, expect, it seems, everything a great deal better and a great deal freer than most of us have it at present. Fighting will be done by Lord Tennyson's "airy navies" in "the central blue," and premiers and prime ministers will be as often ladies as the wretched males, who, no longer lords of creation, will have sunk to be mere men in two centuries. According to Anthony Trollope's *The Fixed Period*, there will be plenty of scope for cranks as long as they confine themselves to preaching and preliminary expenses, but the government will see to it that they do not proceed to practical "improvements," and cricket and (we infer) base-ball will be played by steam. Mr. Besant, in his *The Inner House*, agrees with Mr. Trollope as to the cranks, and shows besides how human nature and the love of men and women will yet survive. Mr. Bellamy, of *Looking Backward* notoriety, is, we regret to say, extinguishing himself as fast as possible by preaching a doctrine he calls "Nationalism," founded upon a public appreciation of the merits of his story, which he has mistaken for a public hankering after a realization of some of its Utopian fallacies. We observe that Mr. Bellamy's "Nationalism," as formulated by himself, begins like all other "socialist" and "international" programmes, by robbing somebody. Mr. Bellamy has, with an eye to popular applause, selected the railway companies to be robbed as a first step in his programme. He says his government would be "one great railway receivership." Mr. Bellamy is the biggest railroad wrecker (in his mind) we have had yet. But the present volume, *Cæsar's Column*, should be read with greater care than all of these, in our opinion.

(6) Says the delicious Mr. Boswell: "On Monday, April 13, I arrived with Johnson at Mr. Langton's, where were Dr. Porteus and Dr. Stinton. He was at first in a very silent mood. Before dinner he said nothing but 'Pretty baby' to one of the children. Langton said to me afterward that he could repeat Johnson's conversation before dinner, as Johnson said that he could repeat a complete chapter of *The Natural History of Iceland*, from the Danish of *Harrebom*, the whole of which was exactly thus:—

CHAP. LXXII.—Concerning Snakes.

"There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole island."

The title of M. Jusserand's book, *The English Novel in the Times of Shakespeare*, would at first suggest that M. Jusserand's readers could as easily repeat its contents as Dr. Johnson could repeat the Seventy-second Chapter of Harrebom's *Natural History of Iceland*, or, as Mr. Langton could repeat Dr. Johnson's conversation before dinner on that memorable and important occasion on which the Boswell affirms that the great man uttered that immortal sentence, "Pretty Baby." But, to the contrary, here M. Jusserand apprises us that there were a great many more English novelists, in the times of William Shakespeare than snakes in Iceland (or even Irelands traditioned to quite be all fours with Iceland in this particular), and that one of these novels was "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, written by Sir Philip Sydney, Knight." In brief, M. Jusserand is after novels, and, if we concede—which one is, perhaps, on the whole, rather apter to concede upon reading Mr. Jusserand than before—that English prose fiction is *novels* (and why is it not?), then this is a capital book. Says our author: "As in our day, some of these novelists busied themselves chiefly with the analysis of passion and refined emotion, others chiefly concerned themselves with minute observation of real life, and strove to place before the readers the outward features of their characters in a fashion impressive enough to enable him to realize what lay below the surface. Many of these pictures of manners and society were considered by contemporaries good likenesses, not the less so because embellished. . . . Lyly and Sidney embellished, according to the taste of the age, the people around them, whom they chose as patterns for the heroes of their novels, and as soon as their books were spread over the country fashionable ladies distinguished themselves from the common sort by being 'Arcad-

ian' or 'Euphuized.' Through these very efforts a literature chiefly intended for women was arising in England, and this is one characteristic more that links these authors to our modern novelists. So that, perhaps, bonds closer than we imagine unite those old writers, lost in a far-off past, with the novelists whose books, reprinted a hundred times, are to be found on every reading-table, and in everybody's hands." Possibly it is not so easy to disagree with this Frenchman, after all! And the book is a rare one. (Perhaps Mrs. Ashmead-Windle or Mr. Wigston might demonstrate it to be the "a book, a rare one" of Posthumous, and the Riddle in *Cymbeline*, which, taken with the opening of the Sixth Seal, or with anything else that comes handy, demonstrates the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare.) And then the pictures! The sea-serpent, the DeWitt picture of the interior of the Swan Theatre, first presented in the seventh volume of the *Bankside Shakespeare*, and whose discovery SHAKESPEARIANA described last summer (Vol. VI., pp. 330-415); then there are serpents, boas, "lamias," of mythology and in human form,—Queen Elizabeth, Katherine Phillips, always interesting, though often used before to float even shallower letter-press than the present. There is always something to be said for the man who takes himself seriously, and we shall say that the Shakespearian scholar should, by all means, add the volume to his shelves, to be valued as a curiosity, or a book of reference, exactly as his taste or necessity decrees. Similarly an electrician should place on his shelves a work upon "the Telegraph in the days of the Montezumas," which, on being opened, should make it appear that sketches drawn in red pigment upon tree barks constituted the "Telegraph in the days of the Montezumas."

AT its last meeting in May last, before adjourning for the long vacation, the New York Shakespeare Society had in consideration the issuing of a second series of its publications, (temporarily discontinued pending the establishment of the THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE), to consist of unexpurgated reprints of the old English miracle plays, mysteries, and moralities, as illustrating the growth of the drama up to Shakespeare, besides the least known and edited English plays contemporary with Shakespeare's own work. The proposition in this second series is to discard the black and gold cover and 16mo. page heretofore used, and, hereafter, all of the Society's publications to be issued in Bankside style—in the best work of *The Riverside Press*, laid paper boards, parchment backs, 8vo., uniform with *The Bankside Shakespeare*. Two hundred and fifty copies of this series only to be printed. It was suggested that No. 1 of this second series be

IACKE DRVMS Entertainment, or THE COMEDIE OF PASQVIL AND KATHERINE. AS it hath beene fundry times plaid by the Children of Powles. Newly corrected, LONDON, printed by W. Stanfby, for Phillip Knight, and are to be fold at his fhop in Chancery-Lane ouer against the Roles. 1616. (With notes, and Introduction touching the origin, growth and decadence of the Children's Companies).

Hon. Martin W. Cooke, of Rochester, N. Y. was elected a regular member of the society.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of the City of New York, closed its second year of work April 23d, 1889, having, during the two years of its existence, maintained not only its monthly receptions, where papers on Shakespeare and germane subject were read, but weekly meetings for serious work. Among the papers read have been *Richard the Third*, Lillian Houghton Mills; *Macbeth*, Mrs. M. F. Hoagland; *Parallelisms in the Merchant of Venice*, Mrs. L. G. Fish; *Shakespeare Spelling*, Mrs. Charles L. Sprague. This Club is in every way a model of what a Shakespeare Club should be. Of its four monthly meetings, at only one, the one occurring on the anniversary of the birth-day, does the social character of the Club control. At all others, weekly or monthly, more or less work in the line of the Society's objects is accomplished. During the past year the Club has received incorporation under the statutes of the State of New York, its articles following somewhat those of the New York Shakespeare Society, with which it is heartily in accord. The officers of the New York Shakespeare Club for the ensuing three years are as follows:—President, F. G. Smedley, Esq.; Treasurer, Lee J. Vance, Esq.; Secretary, W. B. Davenport, M. D.; Recorder, Miss M. V. Worstell.

. In view of the greatly reduced space at the disposal of the Editors, it is urgently requested that contributors refrain as much as possible from quotations from the plays, referring in preference to passages by the Bankside line notation, or, where not practicable, the act, scene, and line notation of the Globe Shakespeare. Proof is not sent to authors unless the nature of the matter require, or unless particularly desired. Please address all matter intended for the Editor to P. O. Box 323, Westfield, Union Co., N. J. The Editors cannot undertake to return unused matter unless stamped envelope be inclosed for that purpose.

